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FEBRUARY 14, 1966

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Credits on page 72

Next week

LONELY NO LONGER One of the world's best distance runners in Los Angeles. Geoffrey Brown reports on the race and Kip Keino's latest go-around of the season in indoor track.

SKI ILLUSIONISTS who prefer to act the part rather than actually face the icy slopes, have found a paradise at the new southern ski resorts. Bill Gilbert inspects these hearties.

ARABIAN KNIGHTS and daisies are re-created each year in Arizona as fanatics honor a romantic breed of horse in an all-Arabian show. Richard Meek's color camera records it.

Steve Karantz is an assistant vice president of a major stock brokerage firm in Boston, Mass.



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SCORECARD

CONFIDENCE

After five full seasons in Minneapolis-St. Paul, the stockholders of the corporation known as Washington American League Baseball Club, Inc. have tossed boldly to change their corporate name to Minnesota Twins, Inc.

SHORT COUNT

The responsible Louisville businessmen who have sponsored Cassius Clay since he began his professional boxing career seemed to reverse themselves last week when they agreed to let Clay meet Ernie Terrell for the heavyweight championship of the world in Chicago late in March. Previously, they had maintained that Clay would not fight Terrell unless Ernie was okayed by "a reputable boxing commission, such as the one in New York or California."

New York turned down Terrell when he applied for a license late in January, implying that it was not yet satisfied that he had dissociated himself from alleged mobster connections. That seemed to be that, but then Terrell applied to the Illinois Athletic Commission and was granted a license in nothing flat. Well, not really nothing flat. It took less than 30 seconds.

Chairman: Ernie, do you have a manager?

Terrell: No, sir, I don't.

Chairman: Remember you are under oath. You do not have a manager, is that right?

Terrell: Yes, sir. That's right.

Several commissioners: Do you have any kind of managerial agreement?

Terrell: I have no agreements, written or oral.

Third commissioner: I move that Terrell's license be renewed.

Chairman: Any objections? (Silence) Motion passed.

Why did the Illinois commission accept Terrell almost literally without question? The apparent explanation is simply that Chicago wants desperately to

reclaim its place as a big-fight town, and nothing nowhere is as big as a heavyweight championship fight. It is very important for Chicago.

But why did the responsible Louisville sponsors go along with the idea? The answer here seems to be simple, too. Cassius Clay is now making his own decisions. "We still want to play father to him," says Louisville Attorney Arthur Graffon. "but he refuses to be the child any more."

RECORD CATCH

Ten-year-old Bobby Cunningham of Belfast, Me. caught a nine-and-a-half-inch brook trout that had lodged itself firmly inside the center hole of a 45-rpm phonograph record. The fish apparently had grown considerably since becoming trapped, and it was able to swim only at a very slow rate—slow enough to be scooped up easily by Master Cunningham. Although its label had washed away, the record was still playable, and Bobby played it. The song that came forth was *Baby, It's Cold Outside*.

MINUS A MINUS POOL

Hinleish racetrack is one of the most attractive in the country and deservedly draws large crowds to good stakes races. But twice last week those who came out to see two prohibitive favorites, Graustark on Wednesday and Roman Brother on Saturday, were arbitrarily deprived of the right to bet on any horse to show in those two races. The decision was taken by track officials who feared a minus pool. That is, they feared the two favorites were certain to be in the first three and that so much money would be bet on them that there would not be enough left in the pool to pay off the legal minimum of 10¢ on the dollar.

It would be understandable if show betting were eliminated when there are five or less horses in a race. But in Graustark's race there were seven, and in Roman Brother's nine. It is obvious that the Florida Racing Commission was ab-

dicating its powers when it permitted the track to rule out what bettors are entitled to.

The latter had one ironic consolation. Roman Brother finished out of the first three, so the track had deprived itself of a profitable show pool.

HOW DID PUSAN STATE DO?

Word of the unbelievable climax to the football career of Korea's incredible fullback, Won Suk Hung, has reached us from Cleveland, where newspaper accounts of his exploits titillated the imagination of thousands of newly minted Ricksha Alumni. According to William Hickey, Cleveland *Plain Dealer* sports columnist, "The Sun Prince of Korean football never shone more brightly" than when he led the Pusan State Panthers to a stunning 28-27 upset of Japan's University of Meiji (*tw*) in the Sake Bowl.

Sok whom Hickey discovered in his inkwell one day last autumn, not only scored all four of Pusan's touchdowns on long runs (the last a 105-yard kickoff return with seven seconds left), but he also made 19 solo tackles in the second half while filling in on the defensive team.

Before Sports Editor Hal Lebowitz called a reluctant halt to Hickey's Far



Eastern football coverage, his admirers learned that Sok, a 4-foot 11-inch, 126-pound fullback, had to play both ways because the Panther defense had been ridled by a terrible half-time pileup in the locker room. Fired up by Coach Nu Rok Nec's plea to "win one for the Dipper" (injured Quarterback Kim

continued

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SHOPWALK

A girl's whim and a bottle of blue ink gave the Macdonalds a new business

For thousands of years man has been aware that warmth and protection from winter winds could be attained by turning a sheepskin inside out. However, the use of sheepskin in a fashionable wardrobe today is due in part to the enterprising Macdonald family of Alexandria, a small town near Loch Lomond in Scotland.

Donald Macdonald had been in the skin and fur business for 27 years, but it was his daughter Grace who started a new branch of the business when she decided one day in 1955 that she would love to own a colored sheepskin coat—a blue one. She dyed some skins with ink and had coats made up for her mother and herself. Soon, they both were besieged by women seeking to buy similar coats, and thus the sheepskin, heretofore known only in its natural color, went from low to high fashion.

The family named their new enterprise Antaries in tribute to the British and New Zealand Antarctic expeditions for which Macdonald previously had supplied sheepskins. Macdonald at first was skeptical that the sheepskin coat business would amount to much, but today he is a happy man in sheep's clothing. His new venture brings in \$1.5 million a year and employs 300 people in the factory in Scotland. Six retail stores in the U.S. now carry the Antaries line, and more are planned. A full range of 14 styles in 10 colors is available. Prices range from \$60 for a woman's short jacket to \$180 for a man's full-length coat. Most garments are bound in leather and come in the basic model made with fleecy fur, the same style made with curly fur for \$25 more, or made-to-measure for \$50 extra. A London couturier, Ronald Peterson, designs many of the Macdonald coats.

The sheepskins are imported from Africa, Argentina, New Zealand and the U.S. North American sheepskin wears especially well and is usually used for men's coats. Argentina provides the curly lamb, which is also sheared and made into women's expensive broadtail jackets and coats by other furriers. According to U.S. Army research, sheepskin is the warmest "fur" in existence. It is thick and the leather is water repellent. Although sheepskin is bulky, it is light and pliable enough to insure good fit. The Scots also make use of the odd pieces left over after cutting, turning out mitts, hats and slippers, all hand-sewn by local women. For their customers the Macdonalds provide a complete dry-cleaning and repair service. Further information can be had by writing Miss Betty Vail, Antaries, 200 South Third, Geneva, Ill.

—FELICIA LEE



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SCORECARD continued

Dip Thong), the Panthers attempted to return to the field by knocking down the locker-rooms door. Unfortunately, the Pusan No. 2 and 3 quarterbacks, 98-pound twin brothers Kim Suh Ping and Kim Suh Pong, reached the door simultaneously, banged together and ricocheted back into the thundering horde.

Nu Rok Nee made up for his disastrous pep talk, according to the imaginative Hickey, by managing to get Meiji star Crazylegs Nakamura ejected from the game for punching him in the mouth. Nakamura protested bitterly, after the game, that Nu had questioned the bravery (not to mention the resilience) of his father, a World War II kamikaze pilot who logged 24 successful missions against the Allies.

OFF AND RUNNING

If a comeback is returning to a place where you have been, then don't call the great golf Arnold Palmer has been playing in 1966 a comeback. He not only is off to the finest start of his startling career—it is the best start any pro has made in 20 years. In four tournaments Palmer has finished first, second, third and second. Usually slow to get going, his fastest start before this was 1961, when he went first, fourth, eighth and third. Can he keep going? Next comes the Phoenix Open. If you like to bet horses for courses you ought to know that from 1961 to 1963 Palmer won the Phoenix three straight times.

DEAD DOG

A dead coon dog named Cleo and an angry mountain man named Willard York are stirring things up in Georgia legal circles. Some Georgia legislators view the case of Cleo as comic relief, but not Willard York. "If I could," he drawls, "I'd take it to the Supreme Court."

Cleo was shot and killed three years ago by a state game and fish biologist who said he thought the dog was running deer. York, unsuccessful in seeking redress through the courts, finally found a champion in Rep. Fulton Lovell, himself a mountain man and a former chief of the Georgia Game and Fish Commission. After some debate the state agreed to pay York \$300. End of. ...

Aw no they don't, said York. Citing Cleo's lineage, he insisted: "Cleo wasn't running no deer. She was too good for

continued



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New
fun one
from **Ford**

that. I don't consider \$300 no right "justment." Willard wants \$1,200, or "something like that."

Meanwhile, Rep. Charles B. Watkins, also from the mountain country, has joined ranks with York and Lovell. Questioned as to the value of a good coon dog, Watkins replied: "I'm thinking of taking the Fifth Amendment, but I've paid up to \$2,000 for a good one." Why the Fifth? "I wouldn't like my wife to know," he said.

PRESUMPTION

The NCAA has established a minimum grade for athletes. It is quite low (1.60 under the four-point system, about the equivalent of a C minus), but the NCAA explained: "We had to set the standard low enough that a college would be ashamed to complain it was too high." Beginning February 16, any school that plays athletes whose grades are under the standard will be punished, the NCAA says. On the surface it seems a praiseworthy step, but some colleges—notably the Ivy League—have reacted angrily.

The Ivies say that the NCAA has put an athletic organization in the absurd position of dictating academic standards to college faculties. That is the main objection, but it is not the only one. The new bylaw is so sloppily devised, the Ivies say, that it directly contradicts the NCAA constitution, which provides that each faculty shall set its own standards. As for the threat to declare offenders ineligible for forthcoming NCAA championships, that would be illegal, too. Even the new rule exempts athletes admitted before January 1.

The NCAA got itself into this box by forgetting that a college athlete is (or should be) a student, and the rules that govern all students should govern him. He should be discriminated neither for nor against. The NCAA also forgot that it is not merely reprehensible to influence faculty decisions adversely; it is exceedingly presumptuous to influence them at all.

SWAMI

It has long been the custom of Red Auerbach, the coach of the Boston Celtics, to point out to basketball officials the errors of their ways. Red usually does this by shouting. The gist of what Red wants to get off his chest usually is that the official, for one colorful reason or another, has overlooked a foul that has just been

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SCORECARD *continued*

committed. However, this year, with the
Celts hard-pressed to remain in first
place, Red has felt obliged to be of even
greater help. He is now informing the
officials of fouls that will take place, so
they can get ready to call them. For in-
stance, the other night, when Dave Stall-
worth of the New York Knickerbockers
got the ball, Red shrieked, "Double
dribble coming up!"

One reason Boston wins all those ball
games is that Auerbach leaves as little as
possible to human frailty. A second or
two later Stallworth double-dribbled.

TELL IT TO THE GENERAL

It is an old baseball axiom, dating back
to the ironfisted regime of Judge Kene-
saw Mountain Landis, that mere proximi-
ty to horseflesh (particularly racehorse
flesh) will cause a ballplayer's moral
fiber to rot. Even unfisted Ford Frack
dreaded the equine curse. In 1960, for
example, when Detroit Outfielder Al Ka-
line announced plans for a racing stable,
Frack and Bill DeWitt, then Detroit presi-
dent, exerted so much suasion in behalf
of a (presumably) outraged fandom that
Kaline hurriedly disclaimed the notion.

Don Drysdale, it would appear, is
determined to be the exception. The
Dodger pitcher has been breeding Thor-
oughbreds for some time now, and he
expects to make his racing debut this
summer with a 2-year-old filly. If the
new baseball commissioner, General Wil-
liam Eckert, zeros in on Drysdale with a
morality meter, Drysdale can retaliate
by asking how come John Galbreath can
run the Pittsburgh Pirates and still breed
horses like Graustark and Chateaugay.
Oh, the general may assume that a club
owner is less vulnerable to temptation
than a ballplayer, but can he prove it?

Or maybe the restriction applies only
to association with losing horses.

THEY SAID IT

- Harvey Murphy, basketball coach at
the University of North Carolina at
Charlotte, after six of his 11 basketball
players became academically ineligible:
"This is bad for team morale."
- Billy Smith, Loyola University of Chi-
cago basketball star, on why he under-
went a tough tutoring program to re-
gain admission to Loyola after having
been dropped for scholastic deficiencies,
instead of simply transferring to an eas-
ier college: "With my grades I couldn't
have got back into high school." **END**

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24 HOURS TO SHAKE A





CHAMP

The most serious threat to Ferrari's long supremacy in sports-car racing was posed by Ford in Daytona's new Continental as Californian Ken Miles in No. 98, driving swiftly by day and boldly by night, led a team of Mark IIs to a notable victory—the opening battle in the season's hot Ford-Ferrari war



MILES: "FAST ENOUGH TO WIN, SLOW ENOUGH TO FINISH"

by BARBARA LA FONTAINE

For more than a decade the heavy-weight champion of sports-car racing has been the Ferrari of Italy. Perennial winner of France's 24-hour race at Le Mans—an event rivaled in world stature only by the Indianapolis 500—the Ferrari stands for all that is swift, virile and enduring in auto racing. Needless to say, the manufacturer who beats Ferrari can claim no little speed of his own, and the manufacturer who covets that distinction most ardently is Henry Ford II. This is the showdown year between Ford and his Italian antagonist. It began brilliantly for the American last weekend as the latest Ford racing cars, the Mark IIs, swept the first three places in the new 24-hour race at Daytona Beach, Fla. It remains to be seen whether Ford can repeat that triumph in next month's Sebring 12 Hours and—most important—at Le Mans in June, when Ferrari will roll out his most sophisticated racers of the year. But for Ford, Daytona was a very sweet opener.

The weather may have been arctic and the crowd but a fraction of the 300,000 that annually converges on Le Mans but, ah, the field of cars! There were no fewer than nine Fords and 12 Ferraris, there was a new and exceedingly fast, though fragile, Chaparral from the stable of that inventive Texan, Jim Hill, and among the middleweights and lightweights to fill out the roster of 60 cars there were rapid new models from Porsche, Alfa Romeo, Sunbeam, Triumph and MG. To drive them were assembled at Daytona most of the world's best drivers.

What Daytona lacked was tradition, and no wonder. Le Mans, first run in 1923, took 10 years to get rolling. The 12-hour race at Sebring will be 15 years old. Bill France, the president of Daytona's speedway and founder of the stock-car racing organization NASCAR, gave Daytona the 24 hours between Saturday and Sunday afternoons to make some instant Le Mans-style history. He set himself a considerable task, because a 24-hour sports-car race on the Daytona track did not fill an aching need either of the drivers or of the audience closest to the proceedings. Daytona is stock-car country. The Daytona 500 for stock cars later this month will have the speedway's 44,000 seats filled and the community of Daytona Beach in a perfect uproar.

Last weekend the presence of a million dollars' worth of sports cars and all but a few of the great international drivers left Daytona unmoved. Up and down the 2.3 miles of Daytona's raucous strip of motels there were neon vacancy signs and additional signs that did not say, WELCOME, WORLD'S BEST SPORTS CAR DRIVERS but instead said: WELCOME, DALE AND ROY RIGERS, III, ROY AND DALE, SING ALONG WITH HARRY SCAN, COMING SOON HYPNOTIST ROBERT STAR and, in one case, CONGRATULATIONS, RUSS BECKMAN. Who Russ Beckman may be and what he did have not been determined to date.

As for the world's best drivers, who deplore endurance races as energetically as they struggle to win them, they were in loud and almost unanimous voice at Daytona. "I find it a ridiculous form of racing," Joakim Bonnier of Sweden and Switzerland said on Thursday, with an air of mingled gloom and outrage. "It doesn't prove a thing. It has nothing to do with motor racing, really. Le Mans is bad enough, but at least it's a sort of four-minute lap or a three-and-three-quarter-minute lap, not a two-minute lap, and Le Mans is an institution. Here it is just a question of car reliability."

Bonnier was driving that cynosure of all eyes, Jim Hill's new Chaparral II, with the veteran Grand Prix driver and triple Le Mans and Sebring winner Phil Hill. Hill temperately agreed with Bonnier when asked what 24 hours on the Daytona track would prove, and summed it up: "It proves that a car will last 24 hours. Or it won't."

What Bonnier and Hill ultimately proved was that the Chaparral needs more testing. Beseated by new-car bugs, it retired on the 318th lap after leading on only one lap—the first. However, don't write off the Chaparral—when it was functioning it appeared capable of out-running most of the cars on the track.

On Friday, the day before the race, the world's finest went about preparing to risk their lives with an appealing lack of panache. Chaparral's Hill and Bonnier qualified second with a fastest lap of 116.237 mph, and then sat around in a Chevy, Hill reading a newspaper, Bonnier staring out the window. Pedro Rodriguez of Mexico boiled around the track

in a 365 Ferrari prototype for the fourth-fastest time and came back to the pits to sit on his father's lap and discuss the whole thing with him in rapid Spanish.

The fastest qualifier, Ken Miles, who drove a record 116.434-mph lap in one of the factory seven-liter Ford Mark IIs managed by Carroll Shelby, stalked about in a worn, hooded, camel-colored coat. At 47, Miles has the narrow build of a boy, a hony, long-nosed face and an expression of continuous, unexplained manic glee. Peering out of the hood of the camel coat he looked like a disreputable monk in racing shoes. He and Lloyd Ruby, his co-driver last weekend, won the fourth Daytona Continental last year (when it was a 2,000-kilometer race) in an earlier Ford. An engineer, Miles has lived for 15 years now in Hollywood, but he was born in Sutton Coldfield, England, where he started with motorcycles and drag racing in his youth. "Drag racing in England isn't much of a sport," he observed, perched on a stack of tires in the Ford garage, struggling to make himself heard above the clangor. "Just something you do when there isn't anything better to do—just something to tide you over the bad weather."

He expressed the prevailing disaffection with a 24-hour race, saying, "I can understand Bill France's wanting to run a 24-hour race, but from our point of view it doesn't really make too much sense. A 12-hour race here is about right. And there's really only room for one 24-hour race. However, I don't mind long races. I like them. I'm tough. I'm wry. This race is a great gamble, though. The faster you go the more chance you have of winning and the less chance you have of finishing. The slower you go, the more chance you have of finishing and the less chance you have of winning. Somewhere in between these two conflicting demands is a speed that is just right—I believe somewhere between 1.59 and 2.10 a lap is the winning time."

Asked what he did in the evenings after practice for the great gamble, Miles said, "I brought down a large assortment of crossword puzzles. And I brought my chess book with me. We spend the early part of the evening eating, and we talk about automobiles and tires and people. And I've had more sleep at Daytona

Beach than I've had in the last six months."

On the face of it, sleep seemed to be about the only thing Miles had in common with his co-driver, Lloyd Ruby, who slept all the way through an appointment Thursday evening and whose eyes are not more than half open the rest of the time. Ruby, 37, is a big Texan and a seasoned Indianapolis driver with solid experience in just about every other kind of car and no great interest in any of them. He had no objections to 24 hours on the Daytona track: "Just another race."

And he said he had no favorite distance or race: "I just go where the money is." About the swarm of Ferraris around him he confined himself to, "They'll always be there."

The day of the race was bright and cold, 34° in the morning, and the field went around alternately moaning and saying that, well, it would be good for the transmission. Three o'clock loomed up, race time, and nobody appeared tense. Along the pits, a mechanic sat digging quite a large hole in the road with a scaphell. MG Pit Man Russ Brumbaugh rushed in from a Daytona maintenance of the *Nitrocker* bullet suit wearing the Mother Goose wig of his dance role. He kept the wig on thereafter except when working: he said it kept his head warm. Ferrari Driver Bob Bondurant sent his manager back into town for thermal underwear.

Mario Andretti, Indy's rookie of the year and the co-driver of Rodriguez' Ferrari, leaned on the sunny wall of the track cafeteria to talk to friends for a while and then went inside to consume—sternally—a very dry roast-beef sandwich. Andretti is a small man, perhaps 5 feet 4, and he is one of the few drivers with the old glamour, the marvelous arrogance that one associates with the late Marquis de Porto and the racing heroes of the movies. "Mario," a newspaperman said to him seriously before the race, "you've shown me a lot of class in the last three days." Andretti considered that and replied, "How?"

For some reason Daytona did not copy the start to which Le Mans has given its name—drivers sprinting across the track to their cars, starting the engines and commencing the race in a *Place de la Concorde* traffic jam—but instead let them roll away, two by two, in track-racing fashion. It was Bonnier in the

Chaparral out front at the first call, followed by Miles, Walt Hansgen in another Mark II Ford and Rodriguez in the most promising Ferrari, which eventually placed fourth. This was the one closest to the factory—entered by Enzo Ferrari's man in America, Luigi Chinetti, under the aegis of the North American Racing Team. (A still newer Ferrari was withheld from the race on the ground that it was not yet ready.) After Lucien Bianchi's Ferrari came the stylish American Richie Ginther, winner of the Mexican Grand Prix this first world championship win and the first for Japan's Honda car, in yet another Mark II Ford, which boasted an automatic transmission. Ford has been vexed over the success of Hall and his Chevrolet-engined Chaparrals, which have performed sensationally with automatics, and this was clearly a step toward equality. But it failed at Daytona, the car retiring after 329 laps.

The Chaparral's lead was short-lived. On the second lap Miles put his foot down and nosed his black-and-white Ford past it, and from that point he and Lloyd Ruby were invincible. Rarely has one car so dominated so long a race. Miles and Ruby steadily increased their lead through the remaining hours of daylight on Saturday afternoon, through the gold twilight and into the frigid evening, when the racers' headlights lit the speedway like a giant carnival ride and the

temperature slowly dropped below 20°.

The wind was off the sea. The moon was full and in its glow the cars zipping around the course looked like fluorescent water bugs. To spectators the road seemed to disappear in the darkness, and headlights etched patterns that looked as if they would cross one another and result in alarming collisions. In the pits it got colder and colder. Figures moved about muffled from their eyes to their ankles in blankets and scarves. The cold and the constant roar, the tension in even inactive pit crews seemed stranger and stranger as the night wore on, and by midnight one was as fatigued as if it were hours later, just from nerves. Carroll Shelby stayed up virtually all night to watch his Fords. "I sat in the car for a minute, but I got a crick in my neck," he said. Baron Hirschke von Hanstein was as vigilant over his Porsches, one of which—the new Carrera—lanced in among the bigger and faster cars and finished sixth.

Most vigilant of all were Miles and Ruby, who had faultlessly compounded the equation for victory. Lord knows they did not go so slow as to risk losing the race; they won by a stunning eight laps, or 30 miles. And yet they did not race so swiftly as to risk destroying their car.

And so Signor Ferrari has had fair warning: The monk is at large with a very first automobile, and so are the rest of Ford's manic men. **END**

Despite intense cold, Winner Miles keeps smiling during all talk with hooded Carroll Shelby



A JAB FROM THE INTELLECTUAL

Italy's unbenton middleweight Nino Benvenuti laid his big vocabulary aards for 12 rounds last Friday and gave Don Fullmer a lesson in boxing semantics the rough, tough American would be happy to forget by MARTIN KANE

Entering the gymnasium in which Nino Benvenuti, the European middleweight champion, prepared for last week's fight in Rome with Don Fullmer, one descends a carpeted marble staircase and is ushered through Chianti-colored draperies into a small waiting room furnished in Italian modern. There is an oblong coffee table, probably teak, on which rests an imitation cut-glass ash-tray and an imitation cut-glass vase. There is a floor lamp with a shade of motherly and ivory. On the walls are reproductions of modern painters, including a Renoir, and just outside are a couple of Utrillos and a Monet. A well-filled magazine rack contains not a single copy of *The Ring* or *Boxing Illustrated*, but, instead, a selection of Italy's more elegant periodicals. The gym proper features the usual ring, punching bags, medicine balls and wall mirror. What is striking about it is its spotless cleanliness and its ceiling, which is painted white and is arched like the ceiling of a chapel. A plan is afoot to panel the walls in some exotic wood. After working out, boxers may take the usual shower or relax in a Finnish sauna. Where is this palace for syntactic pug? It is a far piece from Lou Stillman's frowny old place on New York's Eighth Avenue. It is in Bologna, 210 miles north of Rome, and—naturally—it is on Bologna's Street of the Poets.

It was in such surroundings that Benvenuti worked out for the critical Fullmer fight, which Benvenuti won by a country kilometer, putting himself in position to challenge World Middleweight Champion Dick Tiger to a title bout.

The Benvenuti-Fullmer contest was a 12-rounder billed as a "semi-finale" elimination bout. To it came Fullmer, all the way from West Jordan, Utah, with recent decisions over Emile Griffith and Joey Archer that established him in

the eyes of the World Boxing Association as American middleweight champion. He came with a look and a style reminiscent of his older brother, Gene, who lost the world middleweight championship for the last time when he got fresh with Sugar Ray Robinson.

As for Benvenuti, he is the wonder of the Italian peninsula. In his 120 amateur bouts and 63 professional fights, he never has been defeated. He has knocked out 26 professional opponents, has been Italian champion five times and of course now holds the European title. He won the world middleweight gold medal at the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome and, in the opinion of Cus D'Amato, who was there to see up the available material against the day when Floyd Patterson would no longer be around, Benvenuti was "the class of the Olympics," notwithstanding the presence there of Cassius Clay, then in the cocoon stage of his metamorphosis into Muhammad Ali. The Olympic committee chose Benvenuti as the Games' most proficient boxer.

Until the Fullmer fight, though, Benvenuti's record had not been overly convincing to the world at large. He never had fought outside Italy or Trieste, which is his home. His opponents were mostly either Italians, unknown and unrespected outside Europe, or washed-up or never-was Americans. There was a suspicion that he had been, so to speak, "protected." His opponents should have had the protection.

The Fullmer fight was Benvenuti's first test against a ranked contender and therefore was considered critical. It was put on in that magnificent architectural showpiece of the 1960 Games, Pier Luigi Nervi's Palazzo dello Sport, which can seat 15,000 for boxing and was packed last weekend with wildly cheering, debris-throwing partisans of the adored Nino.

At the weigh-in that noon, held in a

theater before a comfortably filled house of Nino-worshippers, one saw the contrast in style that would be so evident during the fight itself. There was the brush-cut Fullmer, in baggy pants, unshined shoes and nondescript topcoat, stripping down to droopy long johns, which the Roman crowd thought hilarious. "Biffone!" they howled. There was the sportily attired, jaunty Benvenuti, striding on stage like Fred Astaire about to go into a number. When he stripped, he was wearing form-fitting jockey shorts. The crowd roared approval. Both fighters were a few ounces over the 160-pound limit, but Fullmer made it by doffing his heavy underwear and Fullmer's manager, Angelo Curley, conceded that the quarter-pound or so by which Nino exceeded the contract weight made no difference.

That night there was a chant of "Nino! Nino! Nino!" as he came down the Palazzo aisle wearing a black-and-gold robe, the back of which advertised a furniture maker's products. So did his gold, green-striped trunks. It's an old Italian custom. Fullmer wore basic black.

In that first round it did seem that Benvenuti's advisers might have over-matched their man. He moved lightly about the ring in his personal variation of the classic style, landing a jab here, a body hook there and a right to the body—but not a single punch of any consequence. Then Fullmer, who had been stalking him with no more expression on his face than one of the ring posts, barged forward, flailing and banging with a flurry of lefts and rights that drove Benvenuti back almost to the ropes. The crowd, worried, took up its chant again. Fullmer managed to get inside once more and

continued

Bleeding but on the offensive in the Rome fight, Benvenuti paints a self in Fullmer's face.





scored heavily. Infighting had been described as a Benvenuti specialty.

It was Fullmer's round, but he spoiled it all in the next one. After accepting a Benvenuti hook he reverted to a family trait—wrestling and bullying the opponent, just the way brother Gene used to do. The crowd roared in protest and showered the ring with soggy fruit. The referee warned Fullmer, who promptly charged into four successive clinches. What he did for the rest of the round was miss, clinch and wrestle. Benvenuti won it, mostly on Fullmer's demerits. The referee spent the minute between rounds shaking a finger at Fullmer.

By this time Benvenuti had figured that the way to handle Fullmer's charges was to jab or hook him on the way in—Benvenuti has a respectable left hand—and this he did. There was more clinching, more warning and more debris, but Benvenuti's dancing feet took him out of danger, and it went like that for the rest of the fight, with Fullmer taking only two or three rounds. In the fifth Fullmer bloodied Benvenuti's nose—which cost him the next round as a resentful Nino jabbed and hooked and banged Fullmer's body with rights. Benvenuti himself drew blood from Fullmer's nose in the ninth and opened some old scar tissue above his right eye. At the end there was a cut under Benvenuti's right eye, too, and a previously incurred scar across the bridge of his nose was opened. Otherwise Benvenuti remained singularly unmarked for a veteran.

There was no doubt about the outcome, though an announcer withheld the decision until the ring was cleared of Nino's admirers. When at last—Benvenuti the winner—it was anticlimactic. A glum Fullmer left the ring before it was made official. He was homesick, he said (he had been in Rome only a week), and he was going to get back to Utah as fast as he could.

Benvenuti accepted victory with characteristically debonaire joy and was in the mood for a homecoming, too. He has a pretty wife, Giuliana, and two small children in Trieste, where he is registered as a resident though he spends only two months of the year there. The rest of the time he stays, along with five or six other fighters, in an apartment on the fourth floor of a house owned by his

manager, Bruno Amaduzzi, half an hour's drive from downtown Bologna.

Despite that sumptuous gym, which is owned in equal shares by Benvenuti, his trainer, Libero Golinelli, and Amaduzzi, the apartment is furnished to the taste of a Spartan, its only decoration a white plastic crucifix over the front door. Before the cleaning woman arrives one is likely to find it littered with towels and trash, including a mass of orange peelings in the sink. Golinelli fighters consume oranges by the crateload. Each morning, before they set out for five miles of rugged roadwork in the steep and snow-clad foothills of the Apennines, Golinelli concocts a syrup that is one-third sugar and two-thirds orange juice, and the fighters gulp it down by the vermouth bottle. "After a few days of drinking this," one of them explained, "you feel strong." Golinelli is a trim 54 and, unlike most American trainers, he does not follow the fighters in a car when they run. He jogs along with them, setting the pace and making sure they do not lag. During World War II he fought with the partisans so effectively that the U.S. Army dubbed him a colonel.

As a successful fighter and businessman, Benvenuti could, if he chose, live in his own apartment or at least have a bedroom to himself in the Amaduzzi dorm. Instead, he insists on sharing a drab room with one or another of the stable and refuses to eat apart from its members. The only difference between him and them is that, because he has no difficulty keeping his weight down, he is permitted to eat his fill of pasta. Otherwise, Benvenuti is just one of the group, which is the way he wants it.

This is democratic, in its way, but perhaps deceptive—Benvenuti is a member of the Movimento Sociale Italiano, which is widely held to be neo-Fascist, though its leaders do not use the nasty word and never invoke the ghost of Mussolini. Benvenuti's membership is considered by his friends to be the result of his family's experiences in Yugoslavia, where, as he says, "it became impossible for Italians to live" after the Communist takeover.

At any rate, last September Benvenuti sat briefly for the MSI on Trieste's city council. He had been nominated against his wishes, and did not campaign, but lost by only a narrow margin in the election. Then the man directly above him on the preferential ballot resigned, and

Benvenuti, according to the election laws, had to succeed him.

"I am not a political activist," Benvenuti explained. "I took part in one session of the council and then asked to be excused. It was a funny occasion. I felt more like a boxer than a councillor. The opposition was treating me with deference, which does not often happen. This proves that sport has no flags, and no frontiers. When you practice a sport it is counterproductive to put yourself on one side or another politically."

In all his life Joe Louis never said anything like that. But that is the way Benvenuti talks.

His political connections, limited though they be, probably account for a measure of unpopularity attributed to Benvenuti, though he is not noticeably unpopular at fights. It would be understandable, for instance, in Bologna, which is the Communist capital of Italy, except that Bologna is not understandable. For all their proletarianism, the Bolognese are dedicated to the good things of life, like dinner at Papagallo's, one of the world's finest restaurants, preferably with a pretty woman, a commodity the town does not lack. And the working class of Bologna, despite the color of its politics, turns out one of the truly splendid sports cars of the world, the Lamborghini, a 12-cylinder job capable of 260 kilometers per hour. Prices start at \$10,000 for this essentially handmade machine, and now that it is in "mass production," as factory officials put it, they are making them at the dizzying rate of 60 a year.

Benvenuti is a more ardent businessman than politician. He has an interest in a Bologna aluminum foundry and owns an insurance agency in Trieste, plus his share of the gymnasium. Recently he was paid \$13,000 to appear in four television commercials for an Italian brandy. In one of the skits, out of several that appear one after the other on a 10-minute program called *Carosello*, Benvenuti plays a James Bond character embroiled with a mad scientist. He leaps about the laboratory with a machine gun spitting away, karate-chops an opponent, electrocutes some pursuers and winds up the affair drinking the sponsor's brandy with a partly dressed blonde. He is at least a better actor than Rocky Graziano, and handsomer, too. Recently, however, he turned down a \$32,000 offer to sign a movie

A smiling and relaxed Benvenuti covets through the Colosseum on day before fight.

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY NICHOLAS SALDWIT

DEVILISH STROLL IN



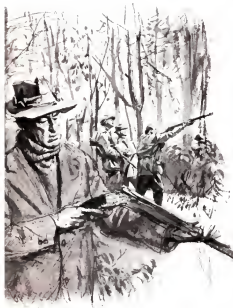
THE WOODS

by **DUNCAN BARNES**

Rebelling against the somewhat mechanical sports of trap and skeet, a Long Island enthusiast has designed his own diabolical clay-target game, combining the frustrations—and the rewards—of bird shooting

CONTINUED

Bundled up against the chill winter air, Jim Baldwin checks his shotgun as another shooter swings hard on a clay pigeon flitting through the tall trees.



On winter weekends from December to April, when most upland bird hunters are sitting by a fire and dreaming about the season just passed, an intrepid group of gunners on Long Island defy snow, sleet and freezing temperatures to shoot around a sophisticated "quail walk"—a woody clay-target game called Laurel Guns. Fingers stiff and noses red, these diehards—most of them high-scoring skeet shooters—are doing well if they manage to break as many as 14 of the 25 targets offered on this unusual and challenging course. Designed by James French Baldwin, a metallurgist from Locust Valley, N.Y., the walk is laid out in 10 hilly acres of laurel, swamp maple, elm, tulip and oak trees behind Baldwin's colonial house. What makes Laurel Guns so difficult is that most of the shots offered very nearly approximate the toughest chances encountered in the field.

Laurel Guns is a kind of revolt against the orthodoxy of trap and skeet. It has been said that skeet offers excellent practice for the field shooter, but in reality formal skeet is too predictable a game—the targets always follow the same fixed angles—to simulate the real thing. Trap offers a greater variety of angles, but all of the shots are going-away. While there are several other clay-target sports that come close to live-bird shooting—among them duck and pheasant towers, quail and grouse walks, rabbit runs and "walk-up" or covey-rise games, in which camouflaged traps are tripped at a distance so that the birds appear without warning—only something called Crazy Quail rivals Laurel Guns for hellish versatility.

Invented in Texas, Crazy Quail has the trap machine mounted on a revolving platform hidden in a pit 22 yards or more in front of the shooter. The trap operator can, at the command "Pull," throw a bird at any degree of the compass he chooses. John Madison, a conservationist who shoots Crazy Quail on John Olin's Nilo Farms in Illinois, considers it an "inherently wicked" pastime. "Games are supposed to be for fun," says Madison, "but I no longer shoot Crazy Quail for fun—I shoot it for mad. It's the only shooting game in which the clay target breaks the shooter."

But if Crazy Quail is wicked, Jim Baldwin's Laurel Guns is devilish, demoralizing and guaranteed to bring out the worst in a shooter. There are on-coming, crisscrossing and going-away shots. There are targets that simulate a pair of mallards dropping through a canopy of branches into a decoy set, and spread targets that fly on an erratic course barely inches above the laurel like a covey rise of bobwhite quail. Grouse rocket out of the brush, and high doves are visible for only an instant before they duck out of sight behind a thick oak. And there is a single target thrown from a trap atop a 32-foot tower that must be broken at a distance of 50 yards just before it sails into the branches of a tulip tree.

The idea for Laurel Guns came from a similar shooting course designed by Robert Huntington in Oyster Bay, N.Y., and since pushed aside by developers.

"What I wanted," says Baldwin, "was a setup where leads and angles could not be memorized, one in which it would be impossible to groove yourself like the good skeet shot does. I tried to use the existing terrain as a prime tactical factor to work against the shooter just as thick alders work against the woodcock gunner and sharp briars hamper the pheasant hunter."

continued



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As all of the regulars who shoot at Laurel Guns (membership is private and each shooter pays \$3.75 a round for shells and targets) will attest, Baldwin has succeeded admirably. Following the contours of the wooded hillside behind his home, he bolted traps to crooked wood platforms and placed them strategically so that the targets would fly out into the open through narrow apertures in the trees and brush. The shooter does not see the targets until they are at least 15 yards from the traps and sailing along at top speed. No two targets ever fly quite the same path. Says Paul Denaga, who operates the traps for Laurel Guns: "Just the way you position the throwing arm of the machine can change the spread or elevation, sometimes drastically. Three targets at the same station can come out easy, hard or awful. Sometimes the machines are a bit sluggish on cold days and the targets start coming out nice and slow. Then I make a few adjustments and, without warning, the next shooter gets an entirely different target. Then there are tricky winds that make the birds dip or rise just when a shooter is right on them. Baldwin has the springs on most of the traps wound up so tight that at several stations it takes some shooters three or four turns before they even see the targets."

Every year, as the regular shooters begin to score up around 20 or so, Baldwin "makes a few changes to deflate those egos." Last year he installed the tower, which he admits has caused some grumbling. "I like to think of it as a high passing shot at, say, a honking Canada," says Baldwin, "but some of the boys insist that one doesn't shoot geese very often through the trees." Baldwin also added two walking stations, bringing the total to four. At a walking station, the shooter must be moving down a path before the targets are thrown. "What you need at these stations is two left feet," says Baldwin. "You kind of shuffle along in a double-step, trying to keep your left foot forward so you'll be ready for a snap shot at a target flashing through the brush. But Paul seems to have a talent for throwing the targets at precisely the wrong moment."

There are 12 stations in all, and each is named after a regular shooter who has shown it to be his special nemesis. Some examples:

- Gubelmann's Gloom (Oyster Bay Industrialist Walter Gubelmann). A single target simulating a pheasant coasting silently downhill. Barely visible over the laurel, it must be aimed at 30 yards before it darts behind an elm so full of shot holes that the tree looks like it had been attacked by an army of angry woodpeckers.
- Delafield's Dred (Con Ed Vice-President Charles Delafield). A single target resembling a jet-propelled woodcock that leaps at the shooter through a screen of laurel and must be broken at 12 yards, directly overhead, using an exaggerated backbreaking swing.
- Slater's Slaughter (Alexander Slater, secretary of Fanny Farmer). High, sharply angling ducks flying in a wide V that must be broken at 30 and 35 yards.
- Ridder's Ruin (Eric Ridder, a publisher and the co-skipper of the 1964 America's Cup winner *Constellation*). A walking double in which a pair of quail fly at brush-top level from left to right, angling away from the shooter at 30 to 35 yards.

About the only thing Baldwin has not done on his shoot-



While his companions do their best to unnerve him, a shooter bends backward trying to swing on a fast-rising target leaping away over the laurel.

ing course is wire it for sound. "It would be fascinating," he says with a gleam in his eyes. "We could have quacking ducks, cackling pheasants and whirring grouse. But then there are enough distractions here. If coughing, nose-blowing and scuffling dry leaves do not unnerve a shooter riding a hot streak, we just talk him into goose eggs." More than one shooter has watched two targets fly untouched out of range as his gun went "piff, piff." Someone had slipped a few blank shells into his pocket.

Sipping on a steaming cup of glogg after a recent Sunday-morning shoot, Eric Ridder talked about Laurel Guns. "No artificial target game is quite the same as actual field shooting," he said. "But you won't find anything that comes closer than Baldwin's layout. The variety of shots and the thick cover and those lovely, awful little birds skittering through the trees—it's pretty challenging. I must admit that it gives us all something to worry about during the long cold winter."

END

BASKETBALL'S BRIGHT STAR



IN INDIANA

In pipeslem jeans and his high-school varsity jacket, Rick Mount stands at the heart of Lebanon, Ind., with the courthouse and Main Street behind him, a brilliant career ahead *by FRANK DEFORD*

PHOTO BY JEFFREY M. ALLEN



CONTINUED

*Ain't God good to Indiana?
Folks, a feller never knows
Just how close he is to Eden
Till, sometime, he ups and goes
Seekin' fairer, greener pastures
Than he has here right at home,
Where there's sunshine in the clover
An' there's honey on the comb;
Where th' ripples on the river
Kind of chuckle as they flow—
Ain't God good to Indiana?
Ain't He feller? Ain't He though?*

—WILLIAM H. HASKELL (1873-1930)

Despite such idyllic sentiments, with which all Hoosiers would agree, it soon will be time for Rick Mount to leave Lebanon, Ind. (pop. 9,523) and attack the bigger world with a basketball. He is eager for the challenge for, though Rick Mount is a small-town Hoosier (see cover), he is not Penrod, but the Penrods are gone, just like the small towns, all turned pseudosuburban. Penrod was not 6 feet 4 and 179 pounds, neither was he given to alpaca sweaters and tight ankle-high white Levi's, nor to wing-tip shoes that you get at the "Red" Apple Shoe Store. And he did not have a tricky man-made curl hanging over his forehead, a curl that only Dobby or Gerald, down at the Modern Barber Shop, is capable of cutting properly.

Rick Mount does fish for crappies and channel cat out in Cool Lake, and he wanders through the woods outside of town hunting for rabbits with his beagle Bootsy at his side, but he also has a lavender '57 Chevy convertible and a pretty little blonde who wants to be a dental technician, and he takes her to the Sky Vue Drive-In and to the Tom Boy for Cokes and 19¢ hamburgers. He works extra hard to get Bs and Cs in Spanish, Biblical literature, English and government in a sparkling, modern high school that is fashioned in the popular hues of Holiday Inn green and Howard Johnson orange. It is now complete with windows ripped full of buckshot holes by juvenile delinquents that they have not caught yet—exactly like in the big city.

So sunny and clover and chuckling ripples notwithstanding, Indiana is going to have a tall time holding onto Rick Mount, who may be as good a high school basketball player as there ever was. He has the moves of a cat, Mr. Haskell, the eyes of a hawk, the presence of a king and he has visions of

UCLA or Cincinnati or Miami or other faraway places. Coaches come clamoring to him. Not just the recruiters, but men like Vic Bubas of No. 1 Duke and old Adolph Rupp of No. 2 Kentucky and John Wooden of champion UCLA and Bruce Hale of Miami, who was so solicitous as to phone Rick last spring when he heard that a tornado had cut by just north of Lebanon. And, like gunslingers, the kids come from all over the state—the white farm boys and the Negroes from downtown Indianapolis—just for the chance to challenge him on the outdoor summer court in the Lebanon park.

Comparisons are obligatory because Oscar Robertson played in high school just 26 miles away, down what is now Interstate, in Indianapolis, and many people have seen them both. When Rick was just a sophomore Ray Crowe, Oscar's coach at Crispus Attucks High, said: "At this stage he's as good as Oscar was." Most fans, like Pistol Sheels, who runs the town pool hall, agree with this analysis. Pistol expresses the consensus this way: "Rick is a better shooter than anyone you ever saw in high school, but Arsker"—that's the way they pronounce Oscar in Lebanon, Ind.—"now Arsker, he had the better maneuverability."

Rick is modest, as heroes, particularly small-town ones, are supposed to be. His emotions are controlled, particularly on the court, where he seldom expresses himself with more than an occasional single loud handclap. Despite his blond hair and blue eyes, his high cheekbones create a decided Indian effect. He is shocked when anyone compares him with his idol, Robertson, even with the Big O's high school phase. Rick is, in fact, unequipped by notoriety, except in a negative way, freeing with embarrassment when strange grown-ups make a fuss over him in front of his old friends and teammates—Larry Clark and Keith Campbell, whom he drives home from practices; Mike Caldwell and Rick Brown, the little junior guards; Ron Templin, who has some college offers himself; Jeff Tribbett and the others whom he has grown up with. At times, when trapped by a coach under circumstances that he considers confining, he tenses and will not speak at all but will merely nod yes or no—not impolitely, but merely because he is desperate to end such a confrontation.

However, having been witness to Rick's talent for so long, the other players—far from exhibiting the least bit of jealousy that Coach Jim Rosenstihl fears—are not affected one way or another by all the attention paid Mount. They have never played on the Lebanon Tigers without him, so the fuss is status quo for them. Just as serene is Donna Cadger, the very pretty blonde with whom Rick has been going officially since two weeks before Christmas. She has his sweetheart ring, two gold hearts intertwined with a "teensy-weensy" diamond. "Gee," Donna says, "I know it's just Rick. I mean, I've known him all my life. Anyway, you know, I used to go out with him before, back in grade school. The people who get so excited about him are just the grown-ups, like my father. He's just a real nut about basketball." Richard Cadger, as a matter of fact, did nickname Rick "Rocket" and that is what Rick's friends now call him.

Teen-age fame, then, is hardly uncommon in Indiana, but it is the adults and not the crazy kids who are responsible for it. When Rick was playing in the fifth grade, crowds of a thousand or more would show up to watch him. Grown people, grandfathers and grandmothers. They travel 80 or 100 miles one way to see a game that does not even involve their own team. A bunch from Lebanon went that far to see a game in Cloverdale the other night and ran into Tink Bennett from Rossville, and he had come 35 miles farther. Herbie West flagged down a train once to get from Lebanon to a game in Shelbyville. He hitched a ride back with Ham Foster and Claude Wilson, and Ham says Herbie complained all the way home that the officiating had robbed the Tigers of victory, though Lebanon had lost by 45 points. These people go to fifth-grade games, scouting the future for Rosenstihl. They cut work early to attend varsity practice, and since Rosenstihl prohibits talking, they sit huddled together in the southeast corner of the gym, silently attentive as if they were in some holy place. They get together to watch old game movies that they know by heart. Waiting lists for season tickets are impossibly long. Mayor and Mrs. Herb Ransdell have had the same seats at the Lebanon gym (capacity: 2,200) since it was opened in 1931. Last year, for the price of two tickets to the seasonals

continued

A close-up photograph of a man's face and upper torso. He is wearing a short-sleeved, button-down shirt with a very bold and dense paisley pattern. The pattern features large, swirling motifs in shades of red, green, and yellow, set against a dark background. The man has a mustache and is looking slightly to the side with a subtle smile. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the fabric and the details of the pattern.

We just put paisley in its proper place: Arrow
Cum Laude. The fabric is hopsack. All cotton
with heart of bold. Ivy details. Correct taper.
"Sanforized". Cluster of other colors. \$5.00.
Wherever you go you look better in Arrow.

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NEW
BREED**

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You get twice the "grip" on rain-slick roads with 4-wheel drive 'Jeep' Wagoneer.



When the road turns slick and "skiddy"...you need the safety of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. It lets you hug slippery curves and corners. And off where there are no roads, a 4-wheel drive 'Jeep' Wagoneer can chum through mud, plow through snow, go places other station wagons can't get near. There's new power, too: 250 hp V-8 or Hi-Torque 6-cylinder engines. Options? You name

it: Turbo Hydra-Matic® automatic transmission; power steering, power brakes...the smoothness, comfort and response you'd expect in any fine station wagon. Plus "picture window" visibility and high, wide and handsome cargo space. Your family will be safer, go more places, have more fun in a 'Jeep' Wagoneer with 4-wheel drive. **KAISER JEEP CORPORATION**

©1980 Kaiser Jeep CorporationTOLLEDO, OHIO

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

(the opening round of the state tournament), Dick Perkins and Bob Staton were able to borrow a brand-new \$5,000 tractor so that they could get through a blizzard to rescue Daryl Kern at his farm. Daryl is a substitute.

It is in this atmosphere that Rick Mount grew up, but he still does not understand how important he is to Lebanon. His fans, to him, are just neighbors. "Why, you take a guy like Gene Thomas," Rick said, driving into the courthouse square past the Avon Theatre, "he's as good a mechanic as there is in town, I guess, and I'll take my car in to get it fixed, and Gene'll say: 'Hey, keep my car till I get this fixed.' I mean, just like that. His car. Yeah, this town's been good to me. It's my home."

Aside from Rick himself, there is nothing in Lebanon to distinguish it from any other small Midwest town except that its courthouse is supposed to be the only public building in the world that is bisected by a meridian (No one seems to have the faintest idea what meridian.) The town advertises itself as "The Friendly City," and Pistol Sheets says that is right as rain. "Any old stranger comes to town, just wandering through," he says, "and they take him right in and give him something to eat and all he can drink—just about everything maybe but a ticket to the game. Oh, it's friendly all right. There's a lot of card playing in this town. A man loses too much, everyone gets him paid off, and then we bar him from any more games. We take care of our own."

Lebanon, the seat of Boone County, was settled in 1832 by Abner H. Longley. An early account carefully notes: "Longley was the first postmaster, and carried the mail in his hat, consequently the office was not always in the same place." As early as 1843, the direct fore-runner of Lebanon High, the county seminary, was holding classes. By the '80s something of an athletic program was in effect, the school had assumed its present name and had moved to the third floor of the "Martin Hohl Building." On the first floor was a saloon, on the second floor were Martin Hohl and family. The principal was a tough West Pointer named Strange N. Cragum, who was renowned for possessing "excellent knowledge of the general behavior of both boys and girls." His way of handling the boys was to make them put on boxing gloves and then beat the tar out

continued



AN EARLY SIGN OF GROWING FAME BRINGS RICK A REQUEST FOR HIS AUTOGRAPH



PRETTY DONNA GADGER WEARS RICK'S SWEETHEART RING AND "TEENSY" DIAMOND

of them. Lebanon's first basketball team was fielded in 1907, just 16 years after the sport was invented. In 1911, the first year of the Indiana tournament—a festival that now enlists virtually every school in the state, grosses well over \$1 million and draws more than 1.5 million spectators—Lebanon lost in the finals to neighboring Crawfordsville, 24-17. The next year, Lebanon won. One of the six members of that 1912 team was John Porter, who delivered Richard Carl Mount, the only child of Mary Catherine and Paul W. (Pete) Mount, on January 5, 1947. Four years before, Pete, a skinny 6-foot-3 center, had led Lebanon to the state championship game for the first time since the Tigers won in 1918. His records were not broken until Rick took care of them, and Pete played one year of pro ball with the Sheboygan Redskins of the early NBA. "Old John Mount—that's Pete's father—what a shame he didn't live to see Rick play ball," Claude Wilson said one night recently, just talking high school basketball. "Every year, John would say not to get excited: Pete had the last team to get to the finals and there wouldn't be another one till Rick came along."

"Around our house," Mrs. Mount remembers, "no one ever trapped over little cars or toys—just balls and bats." Rick was obviously a natural athlete, and when he took to eating and then writing left-handed, Pete Mount says he thought for sure he had a southpaw pitcher. But for some reason, Rick has always thrown and shot a ball right-handed. For all practical and basketball purposes, he is ambidextrous. A prolonged strep throat and ear infection forced him to repeat the second grade, and four years ago his parents were divorced, but otherwise Rick's life in Lebanon has hardly been touched by incident. Once, he remembers, he and Ron Edwards got caught shooting pigeons just inside the city limits. His descriptions of the daily routine in Lebanon closely resemble the reminiscences of a boy who was a pretty good guard over on the Fairmount High teams about 17 years ago—James Dean, the late movie actor. There were long walks, miles and miles up the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks with "a huntin' buddy," Alan Adams; time spent hanging around Preston Cam's gun shop or at the Model Sports Shop; and the early, solitary hours that Rick still spends fishing with his

dog—"and you bring your gun along, because every now and then you might get a shot at a turtle." Later, girls and drive-ins replaced walking down the railroad tracks with Alan Adams, and that is about it, growing up in Lebanon. That and school. And basketball.

Rick excelled in every sport he tried but by his freshman year he had decided to concentrate on basketball; it was about then that he began to sense his potential. "Still," Mrs. Mount says, "I don't think he appreciates yet how very good he really is. I guess he's too wrapped up in it. He keeps a lot to himself anyway. He goes out there all by himself, just fishing and thinking. I guess, and he never lets on if something is bothering him. He'll finally tell me about it about a week or so later, and usually then it isn't a problem anymore. Since it's been just me living with Rick, with no man in the house, I've tried to let him be more independent. I knew that I couldn't make him any more mature myself, so I just gave him a better chance to do it himself."

Rick's dedication to what he considers important led him to pass up a five-day fishing trip to Canada last June because he felt that would be too much time away from basketball. He has been out of Indiana only four times in his life—three times to see basketball games in Louisville and once to play in one in Chicago. He not only practices incessantly, but he possesses the self-discipline to work on the more tedious facets of the game, not just shooting. He was talking along about this one day recently, when all of a sudden he paused and said, "Well, I found this out: if you don't want to do it, that's the time to do it." That would suffice as Rick Mount's credo.

Rosenstihl, considered one of the best young coaches in the state, came from Bluffton to take the Lebanon job in Rick's freshman year. He had heard about the Mount kid, and by the season's opener Rick was a starter. In that first game, as a freshman, Rick took 16 shots, made five of them and 12 points against Brownsburg. He went 11 for 17 against Crawfordsville next, averaged 20.4 for the year and has never scored less than 11 points in a game. High school statistics are notoriously misleading, but Mount's consistency through the difficult schedules that Rosenstihl draws up has left no doubts about his authenticity.

(Rosenstihl even had New York's Power Memorial, with Lew Alcindor, lined up for a game last year until a technicality forced cancellation.) Rick averaged 23.6 as a sophomore, 33.1 last year and has 33.2 so far this season. He is discriminating with his shots, but will bomb from 30 feet regularly if he is open. And he hits better than 50%, more than 80% of his free throws. He passes and dribbles beautifully. Primarily a guard, he often moves into the forecourt or even the pivot. When he has to be, he is a fine rebounder.

But it is his distance shooting that is so fantastic. It is not exaggerating to say that, with the exception of the pros' Jerry West, there is no one in all of basketball who has the quickness and accuracy at long range that Rick Mount has. Right now, it is difficult to assess his defensive ability, but he is so easy an athlete that defense should be no problem once he can concentrate on it under game conditions. He is so valuable to Lebanon that, like many high school superstars, he must neglect defense to avoid being lost on fouls. But he asks no special favors. "Oh, sure," he says, "some of them smart off at me: 'Come on, great Rick,' and stuff like that, but I've got enough to worry about without carrying on conversations out there."

Since Rick was first-strang All-Indiana as a sophomore, legions of coaches, self-appointed recruiters, newspapermen and adoring fans have been dogging him in earnest. Rosenstihl manages to protect him—without cutting his tongue out, the way they did with Alcindor—but the pressure continues to swell. Kenneth Dooley, the young principal at Lebanon, estimates that 250 colleges have sought out Rick in one way or another. For years John Wooden, a native Hoosier, has insisted he was unable to make it from UCLA to the Old-Timers Banquet in Indianapolis. This particular 1966, however, Wooden decided to accept the kind invitation. No, he said, he would not be visiting out in Lebanon, but no one thought to inquire if Rick Mount might drop over to the Indianapolis airport. It was a very interesting little tête-à-tête, though the subject matter was, apparently, somewhat restricted. "Mostly," Rick says, "Mr. Wooden talked about collapsing zones. How everyone would have to collapse on Alcindor."

Rick not only looks the part for southern California, but he has UCLA glitter-

LONG SHOT OFF LEAP is Rick's specialty. Last week he scored 37 points in one game.

ing in his baby blues. He went to a party the other night and they all played a ouija-board type of game with a card table. Rick smiles somewhat sheepishly when he says that the card table indicated he would go to UCLA. This suggests that either Rick sort of helped the table to reach that answer or that UCLA, on top of everything else, also has a lock on the spirit world. Still, Rick does appear to be open-minded on the subject. He also favors Cincinnati, Oscar's alma mater, and there is fierce pressure from nearly everybody in the state for either Indiana University or Purdue. Rick also plans to visit some or all of these other schools after this season: Miami, Kentucky, Kansas, Tennessee, West Virginia, Duke, Michigan and Bradley.

In Lebanon interest in Rick's choice of a college must be shelved for a while, because the Indiana high school tournament begins next week and government, commerce, public health and other such mundane matters cannot be considered while the Hoosiers watch high school kids play basketball. If Lebanon is not one of the tournament favorites, it has a respectable chance, until the Tigers are eliminated and Rick plays his last game there can be no real concern about where he will continue his education. All along, anyway, there has been a remarkably positive air about what it will be like in Lebanon when Rick is gone. The people do not lack appreciation of the talent that they will be losing but, no matter how large a hero he has been, they could never permit him to transcend the only game in town. If he did it would be very bad indeed in Lebanon when he left. So lately there has been much talk about next year's team, about the value of balance, of the good-shooting junior guards, Caldwell and Brown, and how it could be really quite a team if Daryl Kern's younger brother Larry can develop at center.

But oh! will they talk of Rick Mount when he is gone? What he did was to make Lebanon special, and not many places pop. 9,523 ever get a shot at being special. They will remember Rick for that, no matter what he accomplishes somewhere else in all his college and professional games. He's been so good to them. He's been so good for Lebanon, Ind.

END



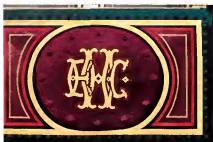
Steamed Up for a Charge into the Past

PHOTOGRAPHS
BY TONY EVANS

Your true sports lover has a stock of instant physical associations—sights, sounds and smells—that are evoked the moment you mention his game. "Football," you say to an Englishman, and instantly he is high in the stands on a damp November afternoon. "Racing," you say to the Irishman. Galway, the sea in the air, fiddles in pubs. "Baseball," you say to the American, and all summer explodes in his mind.

To most of us "polo" means lathered horses and long sticks swinging, but to a few thousand Englishmen the word conjures up something very different. Their game is played with 10-to-12-foot home-made mallets and a soccer ball, and the mounts belch clouds of smoke and emit a deep-throated chugga-chugga-chuff. There are but two mounts to a side, and games last half an hour. A player lunges with his mallet—but too late! He must turn his attention to the reversing lever and the steering to avoid something like the little 1914 Burrell opposite, puffing up into the action, for this is steam polo. Turn the pages for more photographs in color of the steam vehicles Britain would not let die and an appreciation of their sturdy role in modern sport.







Each gleaming element of the English traction engine proclaims a Victorian craftsman's unshakable confidence in his world: great spoked iron wheels, monogrammed water tanks, burnished chrome smokebox doors, builders' proud nameplates, massive brass oil lamps. These and a thousand other parts were stoutly assembled into vehicles like the 18-ton showman's road locomotive, *The Prince of Wales* (below). Silhouetted against the Wiltshire sky the *Prince* participates in steam worshippers' rallies where once it powered a carnival ride called Janning's Wonderful Whales.





From an Age of Innocence, a Sport with Size

The British, as is well known, invented steam, and the greatest days of their empire coincided exactly with the steam age. Deep down, they feel that this was really as far as mechanization should have gone. There is something innocent about a steam engine, apart from the fact that nearly everyone has a basic idea of how it works (And who ever heard of a steam bomber, or a steam gun?) Now that their original, primeval, world-changing railways have gone over, like everyone else's, to diesel and electric traction, the British have suddenly realized that soon there will be no more public steam.

Their answer is private steam. The National Traction Engine Club, founded after World War II, now has more than 1,500 paid-up members, most of whom own steam engines, and their rallies are increasingly popular events. There are at least 2,000 of these magnificent old machines in the country, ranging from steam tractors (up to five tons) to the 20-ton giants that were used for plowing 30 years ago. Older people remember them more as fairground power plants, but showmen are hardly rep-

resented at all in the club, which has a heavy majority of steam-loving farmers. At least one still does plow by steam, but he admits it is more for fun than for economic efficiency. The steam revival actually began, however, in an agricultural setting. In 1950 some 400 people gathered at Appleford, near Oxford, to watch a challenge race between two farmers splendidly named Miles Chetwynd-Stapleton and Arthur Napper.

Traction engines only occasionally got into the news in what was thought of as their heyday. In 1893 one of them hauled the world's largest cheese through Glasgow. A few years later another one helped to print the *Lincolnshire Chronicle* after a plant breakdown, and in 1899 three of them moved a church. But these were isolated incidents. Today every fine weekend brings steam stories and pictures to London papers. The rallies have raised thousands of pounds for charities.

Like many other obsessive hobbies, steam racing divides the year for its followers into two periods, preparation and season. The season begins in May, and a large rally may feature anything up to 80 engines. A lot of traveling is involved, often to quite distant events. The British driving license, issued to anyone who has passed the standard test on an ordinary car, contains an impressive list of groups of vehicles that the holder is allowed to drive on the public roads. Among these are steam vehicles which, by the way, the driver is not allowed to stoke while actually in motion. One must either have another man to do that or pull in at the side of the road.

All this summer traveling and competing do not leave much time for maintenance, and much of the steam man's fun is in the winter preparation. Boilers are descaled, new parts are specially made by the village blacksmith or the kind of small engineering firm that still relishes the once-only, precision, hand-made job that was in any craftsman's range when these engines were built.

As yet there are no steam sections in the racing press, but there is official be-

ting at many rallies, where one can see engine fanciers strolling among the polished, throbbing, hissing monsters before a race or polo match and making notes just like their horsey counterparts in the saddling ring.

The site of a steam rally is likely to be a meadow fringed by noble old oak trees. Besides polo the buffs play steam musical chairs, in which the engines waddle around an ever-decreasing number of straw bales; tilting, which involves using a pole to tip a water bucket suspended from an arch; and hooking the bale, in which grappling hooks are cast at straw bales, the idea being to hook them and drag them along. Meetings often end with the "cavalry charge," an awesome frontal advance by all contestants, but flat racing, as such, is discouraged.

Quite a sight, too, is the parsons' race, which is a feature of some annual rallies, including one in Essex. Several Anglican churchmen are loving authorities on steam. Maybe that great 18th-century English figure, the sporting parson, is with us still. Instead of riding to hounds and downing his nightly bottle of port, he earnestly studies the water and pressure gauges, shovels the coal and oils the great shining pistons of his traction engine. There is, after all, something indisputably cheerful about a steam engine, and Kipling made his Scottish engineer McAndrew, watching his ship's machinery, say:

*Now, a' together, hear them lift their
lesson—their an' mine:
"Law, Order, Duty an' Restraint,
Obedience, Discipline!"
Hill, forge an' try-pit taught them that
when roarin' they arose,
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied
them wi' the blows.*

One thing seems certain. On the terrible day when pea-sized, atomic-power packs drive the silent, sophisticated, impersonal tractors of tomorrow, there won't be crowds turning up in English meadows to see diesel races.

—PAUL JENNINGS

Lancelot Slatham is dwarfed by his family's massive red road locomotive, Carry On, which can spurt to 25 mph.

THE BIGGEST DOG OF



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD BÖTH

ALL WAS FINN MacCOOL'S AUNT

Its ancestry lost in legend, the Irish wolfhound is much too large to be petty about winning mere blue ribbons

by ROBERT H. BOYLE



ALL over the U.S. and even abroad along about now, hundreds of champion pooches are being combed and clipped and pedicured and taught their party manners over and over in the hope of winning big at New York's Madison Square Garden when the Westminster Kennel Club meets again next week to choose a best dog in show. But there is one breed of dog already so big that its fanciers care little what it wins at the Westminster. To those who love the members of this breed the Irish wolfhound is not a dog at all but Supet-dog, a half-human beast whose very origin is lost in Celtic myth and legend. There are only a thousand or so Irish wolfhounds in all the world—about 500 in the U.S. and another 500 in Great Britain—and because there are so few, they are all, or almost all, related to one another. The owner of a wolfhound dam, therefore, must select a sire with the greatest care to avoid any harmful effects of too close inbreeding. "Temperament is the thing you treasure," says Mrs. Gordon F. Graham, a leading U.S. breeder. "That is what separates the wolfhound from some of the other big dogs."

Mrs. Graham is quick to admit that a best-in-show at the Garden might provide a certain initial thrill. "I'd be terribly excited at first if a wolfhound won," she says, "but in the long run I'd be sorry. While many breeds could take the upsurge of popularity that comes from winning, I don't really think the wolfhound could. The breed is not numerically strong enough to stand it."

Though weak in numbers, the Irish wolfhound is by all other standards an extraordinary beast. The biggest dog in the world, it looks, to a stranger seeing one for the first time, something like an enormous Airedale or

continued

Irish terrier, albeit with an undocked tail.

A fully grown male stands three feet high at the shoulders on all fours, and when he rears up on his hind legs he reaches 6 feet 6. A wolfhound puppy grows faster than a lion, and fond owners must get used to some pretty hefty roughhousing. Wolfhounds, young or old, are frolicsome creatures, and in a gay mood they can flatten an owner with one joyous bound.

Department store heir Tom Wanamaker, who raises wolfhounds in Ridgefield, Conn., has been pushed to the floor on any number of occasions and once even required medical treatment. "Yes," says Wanamaker, "I've been knocked down, but always with love, always with love." Wolfhound owners are used to having their eyes blackened and their lamps, vases and objets d'art demolished by wagging tails. In wolfhound homes it is not uncommon to see a dog that has been lying under a table carry the table away on its back when it rises to leave the room.

Irish wolfhounds are rough-coated and come in half a dozen colors: pure white, wheaten, fawn, brindle, red and black. They are not as fleet as greyhounds or the slimmer, smaller Russian wolfhounds,

but they can run for hours on end and turn on a dime. Should a Russian wolfhound happen upon a wolf—a rare occurrence these days—all it can do is hold the predator at bay until a hunter arrives to fire the fatal shot. The Irish wolfhound needs no help at all. With a single shake of its great ruddy jaws, it can break a wolf's neck with ease. Fortunately, the dogs are extremely good-tempered, and the motto of the breed is an old Irish saying: "Gentle when stroked, fierce when provoked."

Wolfhound fanciers on both sides of the Atlantic are a close and intimate group that constantly gets together, in person, by long-distance phone or through feverish transatlantic correspondence, to compare notes. As Mrs. Graham, whose manner of speech makes William Buckley sound uncouth, puts it: "We just wallow in wolfhounds." As odd and individual a breed as their dogs, wolfhound owners gathered en masse for a specialty show look rather like the cast of an Ealing Studios film featuring Alistair Sim and Margaret Rutherford. They radiate an atmosphere of landed gentility and country houses. "I think we're a fun group but not wildly gay," is the way Fanny (Mrs. Peter) Van Brunt of Lake Placid, N.Y. sums it up.

Fanny owns 23 wolfhounds. The Grahams have only 10, but they keep them all in their house at genteel St. James on Long Island. After dinner they have to race the dogs to the library to get the choice seats. Seven of the dogs sleep in the Grahams' bedroom, and on cold nights two of them, Honor and Heulihan, are wont to pile into bed with the master and mistress.

Like most owners of wolfhounds, the Grahams belong to the Irish Wolfhound Club of America. Gordon Graham edits *Harp & Hound*, the club's quarterly journal, which keeps members posted on wolfhound doings here and in Britain. The big event of the year is the club's specialty show, held at the home of a member. At wolfhound shows great stress is placed on amateurism. The camaraderie is such that there is none of the cutthroat competitiveness often associated with dog shows, and woe to anyone who gloats over a win—he could never gain election to the club. Even getting into the club is a rather mysterious business. One never asks for admission, and a new owner who passes muster by displaying the proper sporting qualities

only learns of his election when asked to pay full dues.

Nobody really knows where the wolfhound came from. The Celts who ransacked Greece in 279 B.C. were said to have had these great swift hounds. Later the Romans used them for circus combat. Early Irish literature contains frequent references to the esteem in which they were held by kings. According to one Irish legend, Finn MacCool, the great hero, had an aunt who was turned into a hound by an enemy. Finn succeeded in restoring her to human form, but he was unable to turn the trick on her two children, who had been born as hounds while their mother was under the spell. The children, Bran and Scoolau, remained wolfhounds and were Finn's inseparable companions.

Sometime later, braces of wolfhounds were sent as gifts to the kings of Spain and Poland. In 1652 Oliver Cromwell, of black memory in Ireland, forbade their export on grounds of scarcity, but his son was able to obtain a pair for a lady friend, though he did not say how he got them. An Englishman, visiting the home of Sir Murraghna Mart O'Flaherty in 1698, wrote, "One thing I saw in this house perhaps the like not to be seen anywhere in the World, and that was nine brace of Wolf-Dogs. . . a pair of which kind has often been present for a king, as they are said to be a dog peculiar to Ireland. . . . They were as quiet among us as lambs, without any noise or disturbance."

With the dispatching of the last wolf in Ireland in the 18th century, the breed began to languish. Few persons could afford to keep huge and hungry dogs that had, supposedly, outlived their usefulness. But in 1862, an Englishman named Captain G. A. Graham, who is related to the Long Island Grahams only by a common affection for wolfhounds, obtained a dog named Faust and began reestablishing the breed. He bought wolfhounds wherever he could—even poor specimens—and by judiciously adding a dash of mastiff here and a pinch of Great Dane there, he was able, in the course of 20 years, to recover size without loss of type.

Since then, in Britain improvement of the breed has been largely carried on by several doughty ladies. One of them, Mrs. Florence Nagle, a 71-year-old great-grandmother and horse trainer, has been raising wolfhounds for the last 52 years.

continued





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Her kennels have produced 27 champions in Britain, 14 in the U.S. and several on the Continent. "I am not a commercial breeder," Mrs. Nagle says, "and I'm very particular whom I sell to."

Most breeders will not sell pups until they are 3 months old, and they generally fetch from \$300 to \$500 each. There is usually a waiting list, and even when puppies are available not just anyone can buy. A would-be purchaser is screened to make certain that the dog is going to a home where it will be appreciated. There are some persons who merely want a wolfhound to flaunt, according to Mrs. Graham. "When someone wants a dog for that purpose," she adds, "you can spot it like a beacon, and it's very sick-making." Once Mrs. Graham was asked to sell her biggest wheaton wolfhound to a man who wanted it to match his convertible. She coldly informed him that he was "not the kind of home we want for our dogs." On the other hand, breeders have been known to give away pups to persons who lacked the price but had the right outlook. The wolfhound club has become very alarmed in recent years over fast-buck commercial breeders who have been importing dogs directly from Ireland that are often of inferior stock, sometimes actually sickly and frequently unfit for registration with the AKC. To counteract this unethical traffic, the club has taken to running an ad in *The New York Times* offering to supply the names of reliable breeders.

World War II was especially hard on wolfhounds in England. "The problem of finding food was almost insuperable," says Mrs. Nagle. "I kept only a very few dogs and, of course, I always had a gun handy. If the Germans had landed I would have shot the lot so they wouldn't have fallen into their hands."

Miss Esther Croucher, a well-known wolfhound judge who is now in her 70s, was able to pull her hounds through the war thanks to the wastefulness of U.S. GIs at a canteen near her home in Oxfordshire. "The American troops would bite one mouthful out of a fish cake or a pie and then never touch it again," says Miss Croucher, a no-nonsense sort who was gassed at Verdun in the first war while driving an ambulance. "So I used to take an enormous bucket with a lid and clear up all these oddments and bits and come home with a painful to feed the hounds."

At the end of the war the number of top wolfhounds left in England was small and threatened to become smaller through the hazards of inbreeding. U.S. breeders rushed to the rescue by sending a male wolfhound named Rory back to the old country to revitalize the breed. "The dogs in England had started to lose their good character," says Miss Croucher, "and Mrs. Nagle and I were very worried."

Rory was placed in the care of the Misses May Athfield and Margaret Harrison, who are celebrated among wolfhound enthusiasts in the U.S. and Britain as "the girls." He promptly became a very busy dog. Recently, while the girls were reminiscing about his achievements, Miss Athfield mused, "He had most of the bitches in England, didn't he?" To which Miss Harrison responded with a faint, "Yes."

Like most large dogs, the wolfhound has a short life expectancy, an average of about seven years. A bitch is not robust enough to have puppies until she is at least 2½. An owner must be prepared to assist at birth to prevent the mother from accidentally rolling on a pup and crushing it. The pups grow at such a fantastic rate that a dam is unable to cope with a litter of six or more. When this happens, pups are fed formula from a regular baby bottle. When 2 months old, the pups get four pounds a day each of the best double-ground round steak sup-

plemented with cod liver oil and calcium. By 9 weeks they can get by on a cheaper grade of beef, spiked with soft-boiled eggs. In his first six weeks a wolfhound pup gains nearly 100 pounds. "What you're feeding is growing bone structure," says Mrs. Graham.

Unlike the pups, a mature wolfhound eats only two pounds of beef and kibble a day—not much, considering the size of the beast. However, the dogs do need considerable exercise to keep trim, and a daily three-mile run is a must. Some owners tailgate the dogs behind station wagons, and at least one—Miss Celeste Hutton of Maryland—tethers her dogs to a tractor which she drives over her estate. City living presents obvious problems. Tom Wanamaker once kept a wolfhound in a five-floor walk-up in Manhattan. The dog was too big to manage the stairs, so to get him out for a walk Wanamaker had to place each paw on each stair and repeat the chore upon his return.

When Douglass Montgomery, the former actor and Wanamaker's partner in wolfhounds, was living in London following World War II, he had his housekeeper, Maggie, take his wolfhound for a daily trot through Kensington Park. The dog not only strained at the leash, but he had the very doglike habit of snuffing every stranger close up. One afternoon as Maggie, a roly-poly north-of-England countrywoman, was being dragged through the park, a man in a

continued



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BIGGEST DOG

howler hat suddenly appeared. The man was an equeer for Queen Mary, who had stopped her Daimler upon sighting the huge creature. The door of the Daimler was wide open, and the Queen Mother was smiling and beckoning as the wolfhound surged forward to identify this interesting stranger. Maggie strained at the leash, praying, "Oh, God, don't let him do it to Queen Mary," as the dog lunged into the back seat. Fortunately, the Queen was so exquisitely performed that the wolfhound contented himself with a sniff of her face.

Ordinarily, wolfhounds are no more awed by speeding automobiles than by Queen Mary, and a good many have been sent from this world for refusing to yield the right of way. Samuel Ewing III, a Main Lane breeder very active on the show circuit, attempts to make his dogs aware of the danger of cars by having a training period in which he bumps them with Volkswagens. Besides succumbing to cars, free-ranging wolfhounds have also been shot by excited hunters who think they've bagged a Kodiak bear in Connecticut. Because of this and the danger posed by cars, wolfhounds must have a fenced yard in which to play when out of the house. The fencing is also of some comfort to apprehensive deliverymen.

Sometimes, but not often, wolfhounds are used for the chase. Moss Croucher recalls one man who pursued lions with them in Africa. In India they have been used to hunt cheetahs. Last year a number of coursing hounds of all breeds were brought together in a meet outside Poughkeepsie, N.Y. Greyhounds, whippets, Salukis, deerhounds and Afghans all performed well in pursuit of a mechanical quarry. Only two wolfhounds were entered, one male and one female, but when they were unleashed the male ignored the quarry to chase the female.

Even as watchdogs Irish wolfhounds prefer to take a peaceful path. Instead of going for the throat of an unwelcome intruder in the slashing style of a Doberman or a German shepherd, a watching wolfhound will either restrain the prowl-er's movements by holding his arm firmly in a huge mouth or simply sit on him until the law arrives. Any injuries inflicted are psychological rather than physical, but it is the kind of thing that gives a second-story man second thoughts.

END



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PEOPLE

The City Council's welcome-home resolution was nice, all right; **Arthur Ashe** was to be commended for his outstanding achievements in tennis, and all Richmond should be proud of the fine record of skill and sportsmanship he's set. "But," said an editorial in the *Richmond News Leader*, "the resolution probably would have meant more to the Davis Cup star if it had contained at least an implied regret that while he was growing up the inherited mores of most of us prohibited him from playing at Byrd Park."

Never mind what the columnists in New York were saying about his planning to become a ballroom sensation with Xavier Cugat's band; he hadn't heard about it, said Spain's **El Correo**. Besides, as one might guess, "bullfighting is *lo mío*: it's what I was cut out for." Smoking his maroon Mercedes into Madrid for a checkup, a hirsute Manolo (bólon) was more concerned with the slowly healing tendon operation that has hobbled "my shaving arm as well as my killing arm." But he saved his loudest complaint for the four hours of calisthenics his doctors demand each day—"the most boring thing in the world."

They voted **Carol Mann** the most improved golfer on the

women's tour last year, and would you like to know how come? Because an old Elizabeth Taylor movie on the late show so inspired her that next morning she went out and practiced for eight hours and not much later was winning tournaments left and right. "In *Rhapsody*, Elizabeth Taylor was trying to get a man to become a great pianist," says Golfer Mann, reliving the historic evening. "She leaves him just before his big debut but gives him words of inner strength to carry him through. I don't remember what she said but it carried over to me." Among Lu's lost lines: "James—give me back that handkerchief. You can do it without me. I was wrong giving you a crutch to lean on. You're a whole human being again."

Bending over the salmon-pink felt of the table in Honolulu's Cue and Cushion pool hall, Philadelphia Pitcher **Bo Belinsky** ran unerringly through a game of 14-1 and reckoned that pool was an inseparable part of his life. "It kept me alive in the minor leagues," he said. "The fact is, I have an attachment for a pool cue the way Linus has an attachment for his blanket." Baseball? Hard to tell, said Bo, who has a move to make before spring training commences. The rub is with the Phillies, who want to cut his \$17,000 salary—"barely enough to live on as it is."

He was just back from Budapest, where he had attended a premiere of his opera *Asterova*, and, yes, it had gone beautifully. But what really was on his mind, wussy **Daniel Shostakovich** told the editor of Moscow's *Izvestia*, was soccer. In fact, he and other members of the composers' union were already making plans to fly to London in July to root for the Soviet national team at the world championships. Ah, and how did he rate his countrymen? "I'm a patriot and interested in

all the refinements of the game, but our players often give nice reasons for grief than for joy," said Shostakovich glumly. "With the strong competitors they have to meet, I can't say I'm too hopeful about their chances."

Sylvia is a female gorilla in the Baltimore zoo, who is pining for a mate. Sperry and Hutchinson has agreed to supply one in exchange for a public donation of 2,400,000 Green Stamps. Oracle Pitcher **Steve Barber** has agreed to stand as (with his wife, Pat) for the gorillas at a mock marriage ceremony at the zoo on Valentine's Day. Mrs. Kim Riley, a publicity consultant, says there will be wedding attendants (mother of the bride, etc.), all human, but "we wouldn't even think of trying to get a clergyman," because "no 'marry' the gorillas would offend some people." Says Pitcher Barber, at the beginnings of a wild, hunted look in his eyes: "I thought it might be fun. I never thought it would go to this."

Had they indeed begun to negotiate with professional ice show promoters before the Winter Olympics? Some said yes, some said no. So, with their amateur purny of two years ago still under suspicion, the German world champion pairs figure skaters, brassy **Marika Ki-**

las and scouful **Hans-Jürgen Bäumler**, mostly handed back the silver medal they had won at Innsbruck. This historic Olympic first, a "noble gesture," as a few were pleased to call it, had just the right effect: it got the International Olympic Committee off the skaters' backs, and it assured that Kilian-Baumler would perform for lucrative SRO audiences at a Frankfurt ice revue for weeks to come.

Resourceful—and, above all, philosophical—Philadelphia First Baseman **Bill White** has taken up water basketball in St. Louis (he's a excellent athlete that he is, all that is between him and great success in this activity would seem to be the fact that, when belted into the pool's deep water he can scarcely swim).

The story that once went around—that the Brooklyn Dodgers tried to sign him before the Metropolitan Opera Company did—was a press agent's article embroidery, **Robert Merrill** admitted to a Louisville music critic. The facts were less dramatic: "I was an all-American kid from Brooklyn. I played baseball and became a semipro. I met girls under the boardwalk at Coney Island." Maybe not major league stuff but, considering everything, said Merrill reflectively, "a well-rounded background."



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The Dons are dreaming of sweet revenge

Down deep in his heart and his duodenum, Peter Paul Peletta feels the results of nearly 16 years of coaching basketball. In the blood-pumping organ so often hymned by songwriters, he has a warm feeling for his players and his victories. In the first section of the small intestine, just below the stomach, he has another warm feeling—an ulcer. That is one reason why he will hang up his whistle and sneakers at the end of this season and become the University of San Francisco's first full-time athletic director, turning over the coaching duties to Assistant Phil Vukicevich, the man who used to tug at Pete's coattails to make him sit down and take it easy during close ball games. But Peletta's final coaching season has a little way to go yet, and he intends to bow out in style, with no less than a fourth straight West Coast Athletic Conference championship for his USF Dons and maybe a national title.

USF's winning the NCAA tournament is not so farfetched. At the end of last week the team had a 15-2 record and was working better as a unit in every game. And, after all, there is ample precedent. The Dons won it all in 1955, when a skinny Oakland kid named Bill Russell was the center and K. C. Jones starred in backcourt, and again in 1956, with more or less the same cast. That was a decade ago, and Pete was somewhere else, an unknown with as sound a digestive system as any doctor ever X-rayed. How he went from healthy obscurity to ulcerous renown is one of those duodenum-warming American success stories, which he was happy to relate over ravioli and a glass of Italian brandy, in a North Beach joint called the New Pisa.

Peletta was 21 and an ex-Santa Clara player when he started coaching in Lin-

continued

Thwarted twice by UCLA in tournament play, San Francisco's seniors and their ailing coach anticipate a different finish to their careers



WIDE ANGLE SHOT by high-scorer Joe Ellis found the basket against Santa Barbara.



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COLLEGE BASKETBALL

coln, Calif. He mowed the outfield lawn on the baseball diamond and washed the towels. He also kicked the barber's son off the basketball team and thereafter had to drive 17 miles to get a haircut. He moved on to North Sacramento, Calif., and had just earned some tenure when he accepted a pay cut to take over as basketball coach at Monterey Peninsula College, a junior college that had not won a league game in five years. A fellow alumnus of Santa Clara owned a fish market in Monterey, and for the penniless Peletta "every day was Friday." In the meantime, Phil Woolpert, coach of the USF championship teams, had departed, and successor Ross Guindice announced at the end of the 1959-60 season that he wanted to step down, too. Healthy Pete Peletta applied for the job.

"I didn't think I had a chance and wasn't too concerned about it," he said. "I kept reading the papers and never saw my name mentioned. They had everybody in there but the janitors." When the Jesuit officials of USF announced they had hired Peletta, the public, press and alumni responded with silence and quizzical looks. Pete himself responded by getting a speeding ticket on the way to his contract-signing ceremony and first press conference.

The results have been pleasant, except for the ulcer Pete developed three years ago and rediscovered last summer (he barely made it back in time for the start of school). This season may turn out to be the nicest of all, chiefly because of 6-foot-6 forward Joe Ellis, a product of the same Oakland high school (McClymonds) that turned out Russell, Creighton's Paul Silas and Jim Madnot of Providence, plus major league baseball stars Vada Pinson, Frank Robinson and Curt Flood. In games against the University of California at Santa Barbara and San Jose State last week, Ellis scored 18 and 21 points with his fadeaway jump shot, leading USF to easy victories.

Ellis does not have to play by himself. Center Erwin Mueller (6 feet 8) has recently become engaged and has curbed some goofy off-court tendencies, but he has not curbed his legendary appetite (SI, Dec. 6, 1965). He is agile enough to have played forward the past two seasons. Guard Ross Guindice is built like Rocky Marciano and is a steady, slick-passing floor leader. His flashier back-



DRIVING WITH PAIN. After sitting for 12 hours, Peletta suffers despite USF's 40-point season.

court partner, junior Larry Blum, was the leading freshman scorer in USF history two years ago, and the other forward sophomore Dennis Black, is a good rebounder and shooter, perhaps the most improved player on the team.

Last Thursday night USF risked its unbeaten league record against Santa Barbara. In the WCAC holiday tourney at San Jose, Santa Barbara had given the Dons a tough fight before losing by seven points. In the Gauchos' own gym it should have been even tougher, but it turned out to be an embarrassing rout. USF was ahead 42-11 at the half and went on to an 83-43 win which might have been worse if Peletta had not emptied his bench in both halves. Whether the one-sidedness was due to Santa Barbara's ineptness, USF's adeptness, or both, was difficult to determine. Fred Schaus, coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, paid Joe Ellis a friendly little visit in the locker room after the game. Schaus did not look bored.

Saturday night the Dons played San Jose State in the tiny Spartan gym, an antique that Peletta figured was worth 20 points to the home team. Not so. USF hit 67.2% of its shots (Mueller was 14 for 16, Ellis 10 for 15, Black had 11 rebounds) and won 81-65.

USF has improved greatly since early-season losses to Stanford (an overtime) and Michigan. Now even Los Angeles

Continued

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COLLEGE BASKETBALL *continued*

people are handing in rave notices. Southern Cal Coach Forrest Twogood thinks USF has "its strongest team since the Russell era. Each kid is pretty complete in every way. It's a well-molded group." The Dons beat USC 81-73.

Peletta himself is more careful, especially when quizzed about any NCAA title hopes. He does not say, "We play them one at a time," but he does squirm around the question like one of his tricky guards and ends up not answering at all. But it is obvious that for the fourth straight year the Dons are the elite of the WCAC and should win the league, thereby automatically jumping into the second round of the Far West Regionals to be held at UCLA.

There it is again—UCLA. To USF partisans it is a four-letter word in more ways than one. The cities of San Francisco and Los Angeles make Sparta and Athens look like friendly neighbors, and basketball is another handy thing for them to squabble about. Los Angeles has lately had the better arguments. In 1963-64 Peletta's team, led by a Washington, D.C. import named Ollie Johnson, was unbeaten in the WCAC, went to the regionals and knocked off Utah State. Then came UCLA in the finals. USF led by eight at half time but wound up losing by four, and Johnny Wooden's Bruins went on to win the National Championship. In 1964-65 Ollie Johnson again starred, as USF lost only one league game and beat Oklahoma City in the regionals. But UCLA beat the Dons by eight in the regional finals and again won the NCAA title.

If USF and UCLA meet once again in the Far West finals March 12 (Oregon State and Stanford are giving the Bruins a fight in the AAWU), the Dons better get in their blows while they are able. Giant Lew Alcindor comes along next season for the UCLA variety, and every basketball expert in the country believes the Bruins will win three straight national titles. Besides, USF seniors Ellis, Mueller and Gumina, not to mention P. P. Peletta, will be getting their last personal shots at UCLA. How two years of missing out on national glory must gall them!

"The seniors are very much intent on winning the conference so we got an opportunity to go to the Western Regionals," said Peletta between sips of Maalox, an anti-ulcer stomach liner. "We're all going out together." **END**



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Now the experts are faced with exposé

Bridge tournament reporting usually emphasizes the brilliant coups of the best players, leaving forever unpublishized their not-so-stimulating errors and the stumblings of their opponents. But you can learn a lot by looking at the hands that never made the news. The American Contract Bridge League has made this possible by publishing what happened at every table in all 340 deals played in the recent American Team Trials in San Francisco. The hands, assembled in a set of nine booklets, are available only through the ACBL, at \$2.50 per set. The deal below—but do not peek at it yet—serves as a good example of what you can expect to find.

Two of the pairs that made the 1966 team, the West Coast twosome of Lew Mathe and Bob Hamman and the Canadians, Eric Murray and Sammy Kehela, finished in an exact

*East-West vulnerable
East dealer*



Opening lead: ace of spades

tie when they played each other in the Trials. But, as must be the case when two aggressive pairs meet, they achieved their 30-30 score via a series of large ups and downs.

To tackle the same problems that you might have had playing against Mathe and Hamman, cover the East-West hands. First, consider this bidding situation. East has passed. Your partner, South, opens the bidding with one club, and West jumps to two spades, showing intermediate strength, including at least three defensive tricks. As North, what would you bid?

Always a bold bidder, Murray chose to raise to three clubs with the North hand. He felt this might pave the way to a profitable save against a vulnerable game for the opponents. Half the time such a bid would gain points, and rarely would it be doubled. So it is not a bad bid. But on this occasion, if you decided to pass you were right.

Now pretend you are South and play the hand. After making his ace of spades, on which East dropped the 2, Mathe led the spade 4. East trumped with the 2 of clubs and, in obedience to West's suit-preference signal—the lead of the low card to point to a reentry in the lower suit—he returned the 6 of diamonds to West's ace. West continued with a medium-size spade. Do you ruff in dummy, and, if so, with what card? Kehela elected to trump with dummy's 8 of clubs, was overruffed with the queen, lost the club continuation to West's ace and eventually had to lose two heart tricks for down three, minus 500.

Did you make the better play of discarding a heart from dummy on the third spade lead? The clue was there. The only reason for ruffing is the hope that you can force East to overruff with the ace. But West needed one of the two missing aces to justify his spade jump, and East had to have the other to justify his double. West could not have the ace of hearts, because he would surely have signaled for a heart return, not a diamond. The heart lead, if West held the ace, would trap one of South's honors. The diamond that West actually asked for was sure to set up dummy's king.

So, on this reasoning, dummy should discard a heart on the third round of spades. As soon as declarer gets in, he can draw the outstanding trumps with one lead, and thereafter, by discarding another of dummy's hearts on his last spade, he can save a heart loser. True, East can circumvent that if he ruffs the spade and *underleads* the ace of hearts. But that would have been quite a defense, one that would have made the news reports.

END

Try using half a swing for the half-pitch shot

The 50-yard pitch shot is a consternation causer for the weekend golfer. At address he wonders, "Should I take a long, free backswing and float the ball up there?" He decides to, and about half-way back he thinks, "I should have choked down on the grip, taken a short backswing and punched the ball." This unhappy confusion is unnecessary, for the 50-yard wedge shot, which is really a half-pitch, is easy enough to execute. It is assumed, of course, that the terrain between your ball and the green includes some obstruction—a bunker, water or a hill—so it is imperative that you get the ball well up into the air and drop it onto the green. To start, take your regular stance and grip, but

open the club face slightly. Remember that in order to put enough backspin on the ball you will have to strike it quite crisply. Your weight is on your left side. Now start the club up and back rather abruptly, but don't jerk it away. Think of trying to lift it almost straight up in a smooth motion, and just a little to the outside of the line of flight. The backswing should be short because you are hitting the ball only about 50 yards. When you come down into the ball, hit through it very sharply with the left hand as well as the right. The swing should have a firm feel. Even though the backswing has been restricted, this is in no sense a punch shot, so do not think of it as one.

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The club should not be swung back any farther than this vertical position. Weight is on the left foot.



The downswing brings the club head into the ball quite sharply and along slightly outside-in arc.

FRANCIS GOLDEN

A SPECIAL REPORT FROM **TIME LIFE BOOKS**

THE YOUNG AMERICANS

UNDERSTANDING THE 'UPBEAT' GENERATION

THE CAUSES
THEY FIGHT FOR

YOUTH'S
PRIVATE WORLD

THE ONES
WHO GO WRONG

THE STANDOUTS

A TEEN-AGE COUPLE
STARTS MARRIED LIFE



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THE INTELLECTUAL

(continued from page 51)

contract. Boxing is on his mind now... and he does not even contemplate an acting career after he quits the ring.

"Now I'm a champion," he explained, "and that's why I'm in demand as an actor. The day I step down, or get beaten, the people who cheer me now might turn against me. Who would want me as an actor then? I'm certainly not a great natural actor. You've got to study acting for years to be a good actor, just as you've got to practice fighting for years to be a good fighter. If I start doing too many things I'll start doing them all badly."

Benvenuti's formal education stopped just short of college, but he did not stop studying. At present he is reading Voltaire. Among books he has liked is Hemingway's *The Old Man and The Sea*.

"It's a great book," he said. "Only a great writer could base a whole book on just an old man's thoughts, with no other characters than a boat and a swordfish."

He likes film soundtrack music particularly, he says, because "it is varied and has impetus." "Impetus" is another sample of the techno-intellectual language he often uses, in a conversational style that tends to be epigrammatical. ("Literature is a teacher of life, even more than education is." Or, "no generation can understand the one that preceded it or the one that follows it. To understand rock 'n' roll and to understand cubism are for two different generations.") Other fighters call him "The Intellectual." And he carries that off better than Gene Tunney ever did.

The Benvenuti family was quite poor when it moved to Trieste, but it is moderately prosperous now. Nino's father owns a retail fish market there and two 40-foot fishing boats that operate in the North Adriatic. It had been his father's ambition to be a boxer but Nino's grandfather knocked that notion out of his head. So the father decided to realize his ambition through his sons, one of whom, Dario, has just turned professional and tends to resemble Nino. Nino started boxing at 11 and in two years was engaged in actual bouts. To get to a match he would pedal his bicycle 20 miles from his birthplace in Isola d'Ischia, a town on the northern Dalmatian coast, to Trieste, then back again after the match. Over the years he evolved a style all on his own, and it is impressive.

To Golinelli, who has been his trainer

for the past year and a half, Benvenuti has no outstanding trait as a fighter.

"His greatest talent," Golinelli said after a sparring session in which Benvenuti displayed an eagerness to bang to the body when in close, "is not one thing but a combination of qualities. He is not a particularly deadly puncher or exceptionally strong but he *does* have a good punch, he is strong and he is technically good. He has nervous energy. That is perhaps his outstanding quality. Dick Tiger is physically stronger. Benvenuti's strength comes from this nervous energy."

Golinelli also said that Benvenuti has a "dry, nervous punch." Anyway, that's the way it came through in translation.

For the past year Benvenuti has been working on building himself up so that he can claim to be a true middleweight. It has worked, and at the age of 27 he has achieved his peak of physical maturity. His shoulders are wide. His arms and shoulder muscles are without excessive bulges and convey a sense of speed. His hips are insubstantial. If he is unimpressive in any way, it is because of his thighs, which are almost skinnier for a fellow who has done so much bikeriding and roadwork.

Since Champion Tiger is logically Benvenuti's next opponent and Joey Giardello is thinking of a comeback if he can ever get the lard out, Benvenuti's opinion of their last fight, which Tiger won, is of some importance.

"I did not think either was giving his best," he said. "I could beat the Tiger I saw."

It is a sensible summation. Giardello's best is long gone. Tiger's may be. In any case, when Giardello beat Tiger in Atlantic City in their first fight he fought very much the kind of fight Benvenuti would. He boxed Tiger.

Assuming the fight comes off, it may be held in Rome, which Benvenuti would prefer, or in the U.S. As champion, Tiger would decide. If he chooses not to fight in Rome, which Benvenuti refers to as "my piazza," the challenger at long last will fight outside Italy. As to why he has never done so before, Benvenuti has a good, businessman's answer.

"When you already have a secure position at home," he said, "you don't go looking for harder work elsewhere."

But now the position he wants is elsewhere. We may yet see him in the U.S.

END



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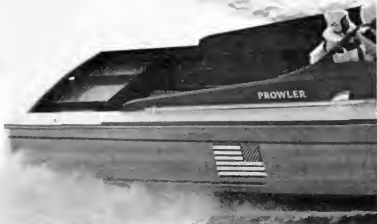
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A LIPSTICK

Or perfume stain the charts—but such are the hazards of offshore powerboat racing when Rene

Everything went wrong as once as the old 31-foot sport-fisherman slammed through the churning seas off Florida. The engine box lids were not fastened down, and they were rattling. Then the wooden framework around the battery shattered, and the battery began to skitter around. Mama Rene got down on her knees with a hammer and nails to pound it back into place. While she was doing this, one of the box lids blew up and crumpled back into the port engine. As Mama started to wrestle with it against the wind, Gale kept steering into the open ocean at top speed. The buggy-whip radio aerial on the starboard side was all rigged to call the Coast Guard for help if needed, and Mama was about ready to use it when the wind snapped off the aerial and blew it into the other engine. She looked at it, then swung back with hammer in hand just in time to see the lid blow off the stuffing box, exposing the drive shaft. She reached to replace the lid, and a length of rope fell off a hook and plopped down into the hole. Before Mama could grab it, the loose line spun itself around the shaft and ripped

a three-foot hole in the bottom of the boat. The water started surging in, and when Gale glanced back over her shoulder Mama was already up to her shins in light-green seawater, trying to hammer, hold, fix, patch, mend and bail. The two Jacoby girls looked at each other for a long moment, then—"Unh, better head for shore," said Mama Rene. "We're sinking."

They sank. *Miss Amazon* went to the bottom right off the combed and manicured beach in front of Hollywood's luxurious Diplomat Hotel, as wealthy vacationers watched from the comfort of their chaise longues.

What the big spenders on the beach saw was one quick chapter in the day-to-day racing life of Rene Jacoby and her daughter Gale, an irrepressible duo who are bringing a sort of glamorous mayhem to offshore powerboat racing. Ocean racing is a frenzied enterprise in any case. These girls make it wilder. They don't win races; they run through them—leaving a trail of high-octane perfume behind and soaring the bulge out of any man, red-headed or otherwise,



MAY FALL IN THE BILGE

Jacoby and her daughter Gale put to sea to challenge the men

BY BOB OTTUM

who ever thought that blue water was the last outpost of rugged manhood.

But to get back to the day their boat sank off Miami. As a final touch, Rene and Gale went over the side with the anchor line. They tried to tug the bow around into the surf so it wouldn't pound them to pieces. Then they got the line tangled around the propeller shafts. By the time Forest Johnson, who built the boat, arrived, Mama Rene and Gale were debating, hands on hips, whether to give it all up and go into the Diplomat for cocktails.

"Well, everyone was upset, of course," says Mama Rene. "But you know what they had the nerve to tell us? They said, 'You're just two women. That's all you are, really. Just two women.'"

Rene and Gale Jacoby are not the only women in offshore racing, but they are easily the best and probably the prettiest. Mama Rene is a brown-eyed, expensively dressed, reddish blonde who presides over a serene home and can barely reach the brake and gas pedals on her pale-green Cadillac

convertible. Daughter Gale, 24, is somewhat taller, teaches school and used to be a blonde herself until one day her parents looked the other way and she turned up with blue-black hair, dyed to match a little poodle she had received as a gift. Both women are tanned to the color of a coffee malted and both can paralyze a man across a crowded room with their smiles.

Harry Jacoby, husband, father and financier of this odd racing team, does not—will not—race boats. While Rene and Gale are out on the water he paces up and down the dock, chain-smokes, frets, pretends to read the paper and looks frequently at his watch. He also reflects on a situation—this one—that he created nine years ago.

Harry bought their first boat just for fishing. He named it *Miss Amazon* for his own Amazon Hose and Rubber Co., which earns him a great deal of money. "I don't know," he says. "Buying a fishing boat is the sort of thing one does in Miami. It fills in those terrible, lonely gaps when Hialeah and Gulfstream are not operating." In those days

continued

Rene Jacoby used to get deathly seasick and Harry had to coax her aboard a boat. By the time she got over that, Harry himself was bored with *Miss Amazon*. His theory is: once you've caught some fish, you've caught some; why keep going back and doing the same thing all over again?

In the years that followed, Harry occasionally would move the boat from one dock to another, but most of the time he would just look at it and yawn. "For a while there I considered buying a big boat," he says. "I mean a big one with a captain on it. But I kept getting the idea that once we had the thing we would be aboard it a couple of days and then everybody would look at each other and say, 'Well, what do we do now?'"

"Besides," he says, "by that time Rene and Gale had a lot of little boats, speedboats, that they were racing around in, and that kept them busy and happy."

Happy, indeed. While the big boat grew barnacles on her bottom, mother and daughter were churning up a storm in speedboat competition. By the time she was 15, Gale was expertly wheeling a 17-footer around as Rene hung on smiling gamely.

In 1956 the late Sam Griffith, a grizzled powerboater acknowledged to be the father of offshore racing, cornered the Jacobys in an unsuspecting mood at a cocktail party at the Pelican Harbor Yacht Club. "Why don't

you enter the Gold Coast Marathon?" he asked Rene. "Not on your life," said Rene.

The Marathon, a race Griffith invented, runs from Miami to West Palm Beach along the Florida coastline, where the water is rough. The entrants who make it to West Palm are subjected to a cocktail party that is the pride of the Southland, and the survivors who make it beyond that event are then required to race back to Miami the next morning. Some people call it the Hangover Classe.

"Besides," explained Rene, "I can't navigate. I couldn't find our way to West Palm Beach."

"There are markers all the way," insisted Griffith. "You follow them. It's easy. You don't stop for gas, you simply pour in more gas opposite Boca Raton."

"But," Rene protested, "I'm not strong enough to pick up a big gas can."

"I'll fix that," said Griffith, and he showed her how they could rig up a plastic hose apparatus so that even Rene could pour in more fuel off Boca Raton—wherever that was—and so, almost before they knew it, the Jacobys were in their first ocean race. So were 214 other boats, but Mama Rene and Gale finished 15th and were the first women entrants to cross the line.

That was 1956, and Gale and Rene entered the Around Miami Beach Race that same year. The water was so rough that one man came jouncing along close to shore and jumped right out of his boat. He swam to the dock, climbed out of the water and made an important announcement. "The hell with this," he said with finality. But Rene and Gale Jacoby hung on and finished eighth overall against the men.

About this time Harry Jacoby began to get the feeling that he had, like Dr. Frankenstein, created a monster. There was nothing to do but feed the beast and try to keep it happy.

In 1958 the girls turned up for Miami's nine-hour endurance race with a little runabout all fitted with flowered-curtain interior, the kind of rig that makes men groan and slap their foreheads. But when the nine hours were over, the girls had broken the world record for their class and placed 14th overall in the field. "It was a pretty little boat," Rene recalls, "with that lovely flowered design. But in 1960 a prop broke off in a race, came up through the bottom, and we sank it. We were kind of glad, really, because we needed a new boat anyway."

While the girls were racing their little speedboats, Harry had new kickers installed in the 31-foot *Miss Amazon*. The new engines, twin 427 Interceptors, made the old boat sort of like a jet-powered Stanley Steamer. "Well, girls," said Harry one night over dinner. "It's become a pretty fast old boat. I have—ah, I have entered it for you in the Miami-Nassau race." It was Harry's way of saying, "I surrender, dear."

"The next thing I knew," says Rene Jacoby with wide eyes, "it was June of 1963 and we were racing for Nassau. We didn't know our way. Daddy had never let us play

continued



The Jacobys prefer to travel with dry land, so the girls take them out for us as occasional riding in their bicycle-bunkers.



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with the big boat before. Gale couldn't dock the thing, and neither could I. We could barely run it. But there we were. So we ran like wild and finished 25th."

The Jacoby girls have been running like wild ever since, and the end of it all is inevitable. They have a new boat now—a deadly 32-foot Prowler with a planing hull and a pair of new 400-horsepower Interceptors pushing it along. The engine box lids, the battery, the radio antenna, all the pieces of equipment are firmly fastened down and unlikely to break loose as they did that day off Miami. Moreover, the girls have a new glint in their eyes that seems to say the last fortress of virile manhood will soon fall. The Jacoby girls are going to beat the men at their own game.

The rough-water men have seen this coming; they watch it with hypnotized fascination. Retired Racer Jim Meyer, a muscular man who is built along the lines of the 79th Street jenny, saw it coming in the Miami-Key West Race two years ago. "I mean to tell you it was rough out there," he says. "Savage, hammering seas. The kind of weather that shakes the fillings right out of your teeth and knocks you silly. Boats were scattered all over the ocean and a lot of the drivers were dropping out. I was churning ahead as best I could. Frankly, I was not entirely sure I could survive it. But so help me, here came the Jacoby girls past me. That old boat of theirs was standing first on one end and then the other. I glanced over at them in my misery to see how they were making out, and—honest to God—they were both hanging on to the overhead cabin struts and

swinging back and forth like monkeys, going to beat hell."

In that race the Jacobys placed third overall. In the Miami-Bimini race that same year they finished 11th (they were leading the pack on the second leg, but one engine conked out); they were 11th in the Around Miami Beach Race, with a first in their class.

If there were those who still doubted, the handwriting on the boathouse wall became still clearer last July. Italian Boatmaker Sonny Levi, clearly smitten, asked the Jacobys to drive his 24-foot *Settimo Volo Speciale* in the Viareggio race. With just half an hour of practice in the boat, Rene and Gale blazed it across the sea to a marker off Corsica, wheeled it around smartly and finished second overall and first in class—almost scaring the winner, Jim Wynne, out of his beard (SI, Aug. 23).

Over their jolting, bouncy career the Jacobys have been in 11 major speedboat and 16 ocean races. If they don't sink (which has been an ever-present possibility), they finish. In their two races with the new *Mis Amazon* Rene and Gale finished third in last November's Miami-Key West run and fifth in the glamorous new Hurricane Classic off St. Petersburg Beach.

Two weeks from now they will be heading out in the Sam Griffith Memorial Race, running a torturous course from Miami to Fort Lauderdale, to Bimini and Cat Cay and back to Miami. The affair is happily hailed as the world's roughest ocean race, taking the contestants around 360° of the compass and twice across the choppy Gulf Stream. The race is always punctuated by calls to the committee boat from lonely racers that begin, "Where the hell are we?"

Always being faced with fierce male competitors is an unnerving business in itself, but the Jacoby girls provide some crazy touches of their own to keep the rest of the field jumping. When they began racing, they would often tie a red rose to the top of their aerial. Then, after one grinding race in which one man was stricken with a heart attack and several others came in with broken ribs and bleeding hands, the Jacoby girls climbed out of their boat and did a little cha-cha step up the dock. They turned up at the post-race cocktail party in matching Chinese silk dresses and furs and danced the night through.

"Men who race boats are tough," Meyer explains. "But these girls are something else again. I can't understand it. Nobody can. We don't give them any special treatment, no favors. In racing they are just one of the boys. And one of these days—for sure—they're going to beat us all. And then what are we going to say?"

They can say the heck with mechanical engineering, for one thing. Racing boats are delicate pieces of floating equipment, for all their sturdy bulk, and most of the men who run them are master mechanics. Not Rene and Gale. Rene carries a Ping-Pong paddle on every race—"Everyone should have a Ping-Pong paddle aboard," she says brightly—to hold the engine's starter mechanism in place while she tightens it with the other hand. It seems to make won-

continued



Unlike sub-merged and cross-hair male drivers, the Jacobys never approach a wharf after a race without some prebathos posturing.

derful sense when Rene explains it, but true mechanics blanch. On one race to Nassau, with Gale driving, Rene looked into the engine boxes, and "I could see red oil spurring out of those little things that pulsate," she says. (Translation: Someone had forgotten to put the stacks on the transmission breathers, and they were throwing out oil.)

"Well, we couldn't have *that* sort of thing going on," says Rene. "And there we were—out at sea—about 37 miles from Nassau. But I found that if I put my finger down over the hole, it held the oil in. So I squatted there beside the engine, holding first one finger and then another over that little hole—it was awfully hot oil—until we finished the race. It worked beautifully."

"Of course, her fingers are all a little shorter now," says Gale. And Rene, after 37 miles of kneeling over a blazing engine, was totally deaf for 24 hours after the race.

In the 1964 Sam Griffith race the seas were so rough that it was impossible even to lurch back to check the engines. So Rene sat down and slid along the deck, checking things and adding oil. It proved to be a dandy system, except that when they docked at Nassau, Rene had worn the seat completely out of her pants. She strolled up the dock with a towel wrapped around her waist, *sarong* fashion.

"Oh, we're a great team," says Gale. "In the Hurricane Classic, I had to overcome all the goofy elements. First, my nose was running like mad, and my eyes were watering. So I wrapped a towel around my face. Then I had put oil on my face to protect it, but I got some of the oil on my eyelashes. So every time I blinked it would make fuzzy little trails on the inside of my dark glasses and I couldn't see. Then I dropped—or kicked—my purse into the bilge. I'm always getting my purse into the bilge. I had left my diamond ring back at the hotel, thank God, but now I'm the girl with the smelliest purse in town. And we've got the only racing boat with a tube of orange lipstick knocking around down there somewhere in the bilge."

And Rene, who needs glasses to check charts close up, is always dropping things—her glasses mostly—into the bilge. "It's not so much buying these \$25,000 boats that gets expensive," says Harry, "as it is buying all those new glasses for Rene."

Other women, understandably, cannot understand the fascination rough water has for Rene and Gale. To get to the Hurricane Classic, Rene took the new *Miss Amazon* out into the ocean and around the tip of Florida, inviting San Francisco Society Matron Alma Long along for the ride. First thing they ran into a slashing storm.

"My dear," says Mrs. Long, "you simply cannot imagine it. It was beyond belief. The boat was bouncing around on that ocean, and the water was simply pouring in over the bow. I couldn't understand why the windshields were not giving us any protection—until I found that Rene had told them not to put any *glaze* in the windshields, because it might slow down the boat."

"We were soaked to the skin and hammered until we

were all a little dazed and groggy. I began to think—somehow hysterically—about the clothing I had stored up in that tiny forward space. Finally I could think of nothing else, my dear, nothing. And I had a lovely new Givenchy coat that I had bought in London. The thought of that coat became the only thing in my mind. I began to inch forward ever so slowly—holding on for my very life—ever so slowly toward that Givenchy box.

"I finally made it: it took about an hour. And I half stood, half crouched in that little space and peeled off all my clothing. Every single, soaking-wet stitch until I was completely naked. And then I opened the box and put on that Givenchy coat and wore it the rest of the way to Naples."

"She marched up the dock wearing just that coat and nothing else," says Rene, "with a certain noble majesty. If anyone had said anything to her, she would have killed them with a glance." Mrs. Long also took the rest of her clothing ashore, hired a car and drove the rest of the way to St. Petersburg Beach. "I will never, I promise you, never get on one of those little boats again," says Mrs. Long. Gale sometimes wonders why she herself gets on the boats. "It's exciting, but it's insane," she says, happily.

Gale does most of the driving while Mama rides shotgun. The reasoning behind this arrangement is simple enough: "Mama isn't tall enough to see the compass," Gale explains. "But, then, I have my own problems, too. North and south mean nothing to me. I can't navigate my way out of a paper bag. And Mama is getting pretty good at reading charts. Of course, she *did* spill a whole bottle of Faberge into our chart bag, and now we have the sexiest maps in racing."

But the sensations of racing, to Rene and Gale, are all powerful and luring. "I love to go fast," says Gale. "On the water, it is a kick like nothing else in the world. With the engines roaring, you can't hear anything; there is this marvelous *noisy silence* in your ears—like flying alone or skin diving very deep. Wild, crazy, funny thoughts run through our heads while we're racing."

On the days when they race, Mama Rene sets aside her champagne mink stole and jeweled dinner rings and puts on clothes until she looks stuffed. White duck trousers, a knit shirt, two sweaters, a quilted ski parka, oilskin-shicker, bob overalls and coat. Then she tugs a life jacket on over it all. Her arms stick almost straight out. Gale slips into much the same outfit. In the Hurricane Classic she was wearing a blouse, mohair sweater, wool slacks, a sweat shirt, parka, foul-weather gear and life jacket. She looked like a bear playing Wallace Beery.

The girls finish each race keyed to the breaking point. Instead of pulling right into the dock, they lie slightly off the committee boat—a situation that often annoys race officials considerably.

"Look at them out there," said one after a recent race. "They do that every damned time. Know what they're doing? They're changing their clothes and combing their

YESTERDAY

Charity Yes, Mercy No

by FRANK GRAHAM JR.

Joe Louis' generosity shocked the mob. His punches shocked a Baer

When boxing comes under fire, which it does with considerable regularity, the fight mob has little enough to point to in its defense. There is always Joe Louis, of course. Yet the night of January 9, 1942, which was one of Louis' finest hours both as man and fighter, can be spoken of by an orthodox member of the mob only with acute embarrassment. In giving away his entire purse to charity, Louis was considered by the fast-buck men to be a fighter afflicted by a grave defect in judgment.

The U.S. had been at war for just over a month. On the day of the fight New York's newspapers painted for their readers a frightening picture of the world. An American army was trapped in the Philippines. The Japanese had smashed through British defenses north of Singapore. The besieged Russians fought the Nazis along the eastern front from Leningrad to Sevastopol. An Axis

submarine was reported lurking off the coast of New England.

Turning to the sports pages, the reader found little relief. Grantland Rice's column was dedicated to the proposition that football offered a boy the best training for war. It was reported that baseball players would pay inflationary prices for their gloves and shoes in the spring. The Yale Club had canceled its historic squash tournament because of a shortage of good-quality rubber balls.

It was Joe Louis, of all people in sports, who was making the first grand gesture on the home front. He had agreed to defend his heavy-weight championship against Buddy Baer and donate his purse to the Navy Relief Society. Louis' share was to be 40% of the gate. Baer was giving a small portion of his 15%, and Promoter Mike Jacobs all his profits.

The fight stirred unusual interest in New York. Even though this was the 20th defense of his title, Louis created excitement as a matter of course.

Buddy Baer, Max's kid brother, was an attractive challenger. He stood 6 feet 6½, weighed 250 pounds and, unlike most ring giants, punched with considerable power. In Washington the year before Buddy had knocked Louis through the ropes, lasted until the seventh round and escaped with both his life and his prestige—he had been disqualified when his handlers, claiming a foul by Louis, refused to let him continue. To the reputation of the fighters add the emotional state of a country which had just entered the greatest war in history, and the quasi-military nature of the event, and one can account for the match's unusual appeal.

That night a crowd of 18,870, paying \$189,701, packed Madison Square Garden. Boxing "bashed in Louis" reflected glory. The Stars and Stripes hung everywhere. The arrival of champion and challenger in the ring was heralded by spruced bugle calls, played by a sailor and a marine in dress uniforms. A telegram of thanks from Frank Knox, the Secretary of the Navy, was read to the crowd. Wendell Willkie, a recently disappointed challenger for a weightier title, made a speech which proved to be longer than the fight. He ended his speech with: "As for you, Joe Looney, and you, Max Baer, I know you will put up a great fight!"

The crowd momentarily set aside its good manners to inform Willkie raucously of the challenger's first name.

continued

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Charity Yes *continued*

Willie apologized and concluded by hoping that after the battle the two boxers, and everybody else, would unite to fight the Japanese. Lucy Monroe appeared in the ring, wearing a blue gown adapted to the occasion with a red-and-white sash, and sang *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The crowd, edified and combative, roared in anticipation. In the absence of Nazis and Japanese, any victim would do. Buddy Baer jogged in his corner and tried to look calm.

The bell rang. Baer rushed Louis, using his bulk to push him into the ropes. He flailed at Louis' side. Louis twisted away and jabbed Buddy once or twice, then rocked him with a two-fisted attack. Baer fought back ponderously, cutting Louis' mouth, but Louis did not back off. Punching swiftly and accurately up at his target, he took the steam out of Baer. The fans were standing now, aroused by an aggressive and savage Louis they hadn't seen since his second fight with Max Schmeling.

Baer sagged, then clutched at Louis, but Joe pushed him away again. They stood in mid-ring, frozen in a classic pose for a moment, then Louis followed a jab with a short right to Baer's chin, and Buddy's long legs folded under him and he sank slowly to the floor.

Baer rolled over onto his hands and knees. He had trouble locating Louis, then he turned to face him and got to his feet at nine. Louis knocked him down again. Buddy struggled up, turning uncertainly to meet Louis' rush. Alternately he punched back at his tormentor and clung to him, but nothing slowed Louis' attack. Louis threw a right uppercut and Baer went down on his back, his hair flying as his head struck the canvas. He was still trying to stand up when the referee counted 10. The time was 2:56 of the first round.

A few minutes later Louis sat hunched on a rubbing table in his dressing room, eating an apple and telling the reporters in a soft voice that he would donate his next purse to the Army Relief Society. Baer, sucking an orange through puffed lips in his dressing room, said that Louis' next opponent "better go in there armed with a baseball bat." The fans, streaming out of the Garden onto Eighth Avenue, compared this with Louis' other great fights. And more than one cynical old fight manager mused on 40% of \$189,701, and wondered what their world was coming to.

END

What brandy
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have made it
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drink?



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The future belongs to the fit

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programs that any school can initiate, regardless of limitations in facilities or budget. We're making progress. Yet even today, less than half our school children get the daily minimum of vigorous exercise they need for adequate physical development.

How about your schools? Are they providing for physical fitness as part of the sound education your children need to carve out their share of the future? You parents can help see that they do. Write: The President's Council on Physical Fitness, Washington, D.C., for information.



**PRESIDENT'S
COUNCIL ON
PHYSICAL
FITNESS**





Boats put me off the beach, but when Father Harry Jacoby speaks a good deal of his time, just plain sailing.

hair and putting on lipstick, that's what they're doing."

"I'll tell you what we're doing," says Gale. "We're shaking, that's what we're doing. Sure, we stop and comb our hair, but, actually, we need that time to get back under control and calmed down."

"I always shake and shake for hours after a race. I get so damned keyed up. Mother and I always have words when we finish a race. 'Don't you think we ought to dock now?' she'll say, and I'll shout back, 'In a minute, Mom.' But first I have to get calm enough to dock the boat."

Between races Mama Rene—who wears a diamond wedding ring set that could be used as a searchlight at sea—and Harry live on Miami's posh Belle Meade Island. Their house has lipstick-red carpeting on the inside and the outside fronts on Biscayne Bay. From their terrace they can look across the water to the apartment house where Gale lives with one roommate and two poodles, Stormi, Gale and Scotti, Gale.

Each morning Gale gets into the elevator with the dogs for their daily ritual—the dogs start to bark as soon as the doors close while Gale yells, "Kill! Kill! Kill!" because the sound is nicely magnified inside the elevator shaft. By the time the doors slide open on the lobby, unsettled strangers expect to see a pair of slivering Great Danes leaping out upon them. Gale then drops off the dogs with Mama for the day and whips off in her Mustang convertible to teach third grade at Parkway Elementary School.

The car was a present from Daddy after the Key West

race," Gale explains. "He told me that if we came in first he would buy me a Rolls-Royce. But we came in third, and I got this Mustang."

Teacher is a romantic figure to the Parkway scholars, and they recently did a mural on one wall showing her and her mother in *Miss Amazon*. In one of the sections of the mural the boat seems to be ramming a submarine, but in all of the pictures the boat is assuredly charging like crazy, leaping wildly out of the water, and most of the drawings show Gale's long, black hair streaming back in the wind.

The mural makes a telling point. This happy, leaping wall to win runs strong through the Jacobys. The Gateway Marathon last April provided the clincher. It is the purest indication of the sort of feminine spirit the men can expect in the Sam Griffith race, and in the years ahead.

"After we had sunk the *Miss Amazon* off the Diplomat," says Rene, "Harry paid a great deal of money and floated it again. We patched it up, put in new engines, new radio, new everything."

"We were racing it from West Palm Beach, headed for Grand Bahama Island. And it looked pretty good until we got about 10 miles out. Then it got choppy. Then rough. Then very, very rough. Suddenly we hit a little side wave—these things happen in boat racing and can be very dangerous."

"The wave—pow!—opened up a 10-inch-wide three-foot hole in the hull. Just like that. Gale looked back and saw the water pouring in. She switched on the bilge pumps—for whatever good that would do—and we swung around at full speed and headed back for West Palm."

"We knew our time was short, very short. We had a lot of snap decisions to make in a hurry. For one thing, Gale had to keep the boat running at top speed. That way, we were playing along with most of the hull—and the hole out of the water."

"Our aerial was down, and I knew that by the time I got it rigged up and called the Coast Guard we would have sunk anyway. So we rejected that idea. Gale kept racing and I started hailing..."

The Jacobys made it back to a West Palm Beach marina, shouting, "We're sinking!" to spectators on the shore; Rene was in the back of the boat hailing with a bucket. Gale pulled right up to the dock smartly—an expert piece of boat handling—and everybody cheered.

Then the *Miss Amazon* sank, right there alongside the dock, with Rene hailing as the water closed in over her head.

In soaking clothes, still wearing life jackets, their crash helmets under their arms, Rene and Gale dashed over to the airport and bought tickets on the next flight to the island so as to be in on the fun at the finish.

They climbed aboard the plane and stood there, life jackets on, drapping on the carpeted floor. The stewardess was unable to do anything but blink.

"I understand," said Mama Rene brightly, presenting her ticket. "that these airplanes aren't nearly as safe as boats."

END

Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

While the defending national champion, UCLA, was having a desperate time in its own conference, the leading pretender, Kentucky, was still unbeaten after silencing the strongest rival in its league Duke, also hopeful, rested for the home stretch

THE EAST 1. PROVIDENCE (16-1) 2. ST. JOSEPH'S (16-4) 3. ST. JOHN'S (12-4)

Playmaker Matty Guokas was over his ill, and everything was just wonderful again for St. Joseph's. But Coach Jack Ramsay suffered some anxious moments when Boston College, with big Willie Walters snapping up rebounds and John Austin lofting in soft jumpers from the corners, led his Hawks 21-14 midway in the first half. However, Walters got into foul trouble and played only 22 seconds in the second half, and St. Joe's began to press hard, forcing the Eagles into errors. The Hawks also dropped back into a 1-3 zone with a chaser—Billy Oakes—on Austin. Austin still got 34 points, and sophomore Steve Adelman gunned in 30 but, with Walters out, St. Joe's controlled the boards. Guokas moved to a high post and fed Cliff Anderson underneath. Anderson sneaked around the Eagle defenders for 25 points. Guokas got 23 and St. Joseph's won 107-89. Temple was even easier for the Hawks. They threw their full-court press at the Owls and had a 10-2 lead before Temple even took a shot from the floor. Anderson scored 24 points and grabbed 23 rebounds. Guokas hit for 23 again and fed for 16 more, and St. Joe's had its 15th win, 105-74.

Providence beat Canisius easily enough 84-71, but Coach Joe Mullane was worried. He had to play St. Francis in Altoona, Pa., and Duquesne in Pittsburgh over the weekend. "They're just the kind that can dump you, especially on the road," said Mullane. Sure enough, it almost happened in Altoona. St. Francis' John McKendry held Jimmy Walker to four points and the Friars barely won 50-48. It did happen in Pittsburgh. Providence led Duquesne by 10 points at the half. Then Walker, Mike Riordan and Jim Benedict fouled out. The Duquesne pulled into a 68-68 tie and upset the Friars in overtime 78-76.

The tournament push was on. St. John's thrashed Niagara 85-69, while St. Bonaventure surprised DePaul 73-69. Syracuse beat Canisius 90-79, Charlotte rolled over George Washington 103-74 and NYU 104-73, and Manhattan defeated Rutgers 85-78, Iowa 77-59 and Seton Hall 88-76. Fairfield's streak finally ended. The Stags took Niagara 83-65 for their 13th straight but then got a bad case of the jitters in the Palestra. They shot poorly in the first

half, fell 13 points behind and lost to Villanova 61-55. It was a mighty strange game at West Point. At the end of the half, Penn State had only two field goals, and Army led 24-7. In the second half the Cadets took only 10 shots, made eight and won 59-39.

The Ivy League, thanks to Harvard, was back on a three-way tie for first. The Crimson, led by Keith Sedlacek's 29 points, upset Princeton 68-61, but the Tigers came back to beat Dartmouth 68-58. Tough Columbia thumped Yale 102-99 and Brown 79-56, while Penn took Dartmouth 76-61 and Harvard 72-64 to tie Princeton for the lead.

THE SOUTH 1. KENTUCKY (11-0) 2. DUKE (10-1) 3. VANDERBILT (10-4)

The big showdown in the SEC turned out to be a big letdown. Unbeaten KENTUCKY, its quick little men rebounding like giants, simply burned defending champion Vanderbilt 105-90 in Nashville, where Vandy had won 26 in a row. Vanderbilt tried everything against the precise Wildcats—a zone defense, man-to-man, full-court and half-court presses—all to no avail. Kentucky's players just ran when they wanted to, set up flawless patterns when it suited them and shot like demons. Six-foot-3 Pat Riley popped in jumpers from the corners for 28 points, and little Louie Dampier, who Adolph Rupp calls "the best shooter I've ever seen in college basketball," fired in 42 points on long jumpers, drives and fast breaks. The Wildcats were so good that 9,222 Vanderbilt partisans gave Rupp a standing ovation at the end of the game. Is this Rupp's best team ever? Well, the Baron was not quite ready to say that but, he conceded, "it's as quick a team as I've had." Vandy's Roy Skinner was less restrained. "This is the finest team I've seen in my time at Vanderbilt," he said. "I believe it can go all the way to the national championship."

For all practical purposes, the S-C race was over. No one looked strong enough to challenge Kentucky. Georgia tried to hold the ball against the Wildcats, and all it got for its troubles was a 74-50 posting. Florida, a preseason contender, slipped badly, losing to MISSISSIPPI STATE 76-68 and TENNESSEE 76-47. Florida's demise left surprising Mississippi State, which also beat Louisiana State 66-61, in third place with a 6-2 record.

While Duke rested, its ACC neighbors

jockeyed unconvincingly for position in the standings. First Clemson edged Wake Forest 71-70 to take second behind the Blue Devils. But North Carolina State hit Clemson with an irritating press, and the Tigers went down 76-58.

West Virginia's Bucky Waters is the first to admit that there is no place like home. His young Mountaineers overlooked St. John's 73-72 at Morgantown on Bill Ryo-zaj's foul shot with four seconds to go, then they got even with Davidson at nearby Charleston. Despite 30 points by Davidson's talented Dick Snyder, the Mountaineers won 74-65 as sophomore Ron Williams scored 24. West Virginia was just as tough away from home, too. It clobbered George Washington 90-79. Virginia Tech had a discouraging week. The Gobblers were upset by Richmond 82-81, and Virginia 79-65.

THE MIDWEST 1. KANSAS (16-0) 2. LOYOLA OF CHICAGO (16-1) 3. MICHIGAN (15-3)

They don't call the Missouri Valley the Valley of Death for nothing. Last week most visiting teams were trapped in bloody ambush. At various times Tulsa, Drake and Wichita State were in first place, and then



GRACEFUL GLIDE for layup by Carl Head gets two for West Virginia in upset of St. John's.

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**UNION OIL COMPANY
OF CALIFORNIA**

they went on the road Tulsa got it first, from Drake 60-55 in Des Moines. Then it was Drake's turn. Playing without academic-casualty Bob Netolicky, the Bulldogs were caught up in WICHITA STATE's tough man-to-man press and fast break and lost 96-91. Two nights later ST. LOUIS' Gene Moore, a 6-foot-7 supersophomore, scored 20 points, picked off 22 rebounds, blocked eight shots and down went Wichita 101-78. Cincinnati died in Peoria, losing to BRADLEY 67-56. Cincy had better luck against Louisville back home. John Howard's jumper with three seconds to go beat the Cards 56-54. Drake finally broke the spell, beating North Texas 67-55 at Denton.

So, at week's end, Bradley, Cincinnati and Drake were tied for the lead, and the ultimate MVC winner was anybody's guess. The way Drake's Maurice John seeks, "You have to figure that whoever is ahead and playing at home on the final night will win." That could be St. Louis or Tulsa. Both finish at home on March 5.

"We're always the heavy," muttered Michigan's Dave Strack last week. "We're the one they're always up to beat." Illinoise was up, all right, and stunned the Wolves 99-93 at Ann Arbor, as squirmy Don Freeman and sophomore Rich Jones shot in 64 points. That put the Illini into top contention, along with Michigan and MICHIGAN STATE, an easy 79-65 winner over Wisconsin. Each has only one loss. It also startled Illinois' Harry Combes counting his winnings, perhaps prematurely. "We're in," he predicted, "if we can win at home."

Combes must have had some second thoughts later in the week. Ohio State led the Illini by 11 points early in the second half at Champaign, and Combes' face was as red as his socks. Illinois finally squeezed through 78-77 MICHIGAN, meanwhile, come back to beat Indiana 93-76.

NEBRASKA, the Big Eight leader, barely made it past Oklahoma State 45-41 in overtime, while KANSAS beat Missouri 77-54 and KANSAS STATE took Oklahoma 84-73. Miami of Ohio fell for the first time in the Mid-American, losing to BOWLING GREEN 74-62.

LOYOLA of Chicago lost outside shooter Alan Muller on grades and then almost lost to Marquette. Corky Bell's rebound shot at the buzzer saved the Ramblers 83-84.

THE SOUTHWEST: 1. TEXAS WESTERN (10-4) 2. HOUSTON (10-4) 3. OKLAHOMA CITY (10-4)

TEXAS WESTERN remained unbeaten, but just by a gasp. After waiting by New Mexico State 104-78, the Miners visited Colorado State at Fort Collins and were on the ropes, tied 66-66, with 12 seconds left. But TW's Bobby Joe Hill threw in a 25-foot running jumper and the Miners had their 16th victory 68-66. Still, HOUSTON was making an awfully good case for itself as top gun in

Texas. The Cougars had 10 straight after shooting down Lamar Tech 112-82 and Tulsa 97-77. OKLAHOMA CITY avenged an earlier defeat by beating Memphis State 104-89. The Chiefs also topped Centenary 118-95 and West Texas 87-69.

Texas Coach Harold Bradley is over his mad at Texas Tech fans. A few days before the big game in Lubbock, he had called the Raider crowd "the worst in the nation." So some Tech students went down to the airport and welcomed Bradley with an honest-to-goodness red carpet. His Longhorns were so pleased that they went out and upset Tech 87-74. That gave TEXAS A&M a two-game lead in the SWC. The Aggies beat TCU 81-72 as John Bessley scored 35 points. Woof! Rice could use some red-carpet treatment. The Owls were beaten by SOUTHERN METHODIST 112-89—their 27th consecutive loss.

THE WEST: 1. SAN FRANCISCO (10-4) 2. BRIGHAM YOUNG (10-3) 3. UTAH (10-4)

As far as UCLA's rivals in the AAWU are concerned, the Bruins can forget about a third straight national championship. They may even keep UCLA out of the NCAA tournament altogether. WASHINGTON STATE, until now a conference nonentity, caught the Bruins aching—Edgar Lacey had bursts of the knee, Kenny Washington a pulled muscle—and shocked them 84-83 at Pullman on Dennis Klok's two foul shots with five seconds left. It was State's first win over UCLA in seven years and the Bruins' second league loss. OREGON STATE, which beat California 77-62 and second-place Stanford 56-54 on Rick Whelan's layup at the buzzer, is the new leader.

No team was safe in the Western AC either. With 9½ minutes to play, first-place Utah had a 10-point lead over BRIGHAM YOUNG in Salt Lake City, and it looked as if Coach Jack Gardner could swing his milk in peace on the Redskins' bench. Then the Cougar press began to work. They also set up a high post with feeds to Dick Nemelka, a slick jump shooter, and suddenly the game was turned around. With 11 seconds to go, Nemelka twisted in a jumper—for his 34th point—and Brigham Young won 94-93. It was enough to drive Coach Gardner to drink—more milk, that is.

New Mexico had big Mel Daniels back, but even he could not save the Lobos when they ventured out of town. ARIZONA, playing a harassing full-court press, upset New Mexico 83-77 in double overtime at Tucson, and then ARIZONA STATE stunned the Lobos 74-68 at Tempe. The best visiting winning could get was an even break. The Cowboys beat Arizona State 78-77 but lost to Arizona 76-70.

SAN FRANCISCO had no problems (page 52). The Dons simply belted Santa Barbara 83-43 and San Jose State 81-65. **END**

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

TO THE RESCUE

Sirs:

The Westport Striped Bass Club of Westport, Conn., wishes to express its thanks and appreciation to SI for the interest and leadership it has shown in connection with the threat by New York's Consolidated Edison Company to the striped-bass fishery at Storm King mountain on the Hudson River.

All Connecticut striped-bass fishermen are aware of the importance of this natural hatchery to the Long Island Sound striped population. The Westport Club feels that the leadership that was lacking from the state fish and game departments was ably assumed by SI. We would like to express our thanks particularly to Senior Editors Robert Boyle and Arthur Brawley, whose unwavering tenacity kept the issue very much before the public. We would also like to commend the Scenic Hudson Preservation Conference, who have worked diligently for the cause.

The December 29 decision of the U.S. Court of Appeals, whereby the Federal Power Commission ordered licensing the Con Ed project was set aside, was heartening news to us, as I am sure it was to SI. Your fine magazine has proven itself a true friend of the sportsman.

C. WINDSOR CYRUS

Westport, Conn.

There was more heartening news last week. New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, acting on the first report of the state's Hudson River Valley Commission, altered his previous endorsement of the Con Ed plant saying, "If another solution can be found, it should be." The governor's brother Laurence, who is head of the commission, added, "We hope they will not have to build this monster." The Rockefellers also altered their stand against federal protection; they now want the Federal Government and New Jersey to join New York in a compact to map out orderly development of the Hudson Valley.

The Federal Power Commission starts new hearings on the whole matter March 22 in New York City. Readers who wish to be heard should notify Joseph H. Guirade, secretary of the FPC, Washington, D.C., before February 25.—ED.

TO THE LABS

Sirs:

This is a belated note to thank you for your informative article, *The Lab Privs That Sirs to the Labs* (Nov. 29). I have used it to try to get other people to write to their

Senators and Congressmen to do something about these dog thieves.

Many dogs have disappeared from this little town in northern Nevada, including our own wonderful big Chesapeake retriever. What a sorrowful search I conducted to find him.

Perhaps, if enough people care, we can put a stop to this inhumane traffic.

SARINA CONNOR

Winemucca, Nev.

COAST PATROL

Sirs:

After reading with much interest the article, *Fabulous World of Florida Golf* (Jan. 24), I thought I might say something about seaside golf in Scotland.

Gordon Brown writes that along some 75 highly populated miles of the Florida coast there are 85 courses, which means there are probably several thousand people to each course. In the village I live in, near Edinburgh, there are under 2,000 people and five 18-hole courses—three well over 6,000 yards, another just over 6,000 and the fifth a shorter course, just over 5,000 yards, though very entertaining.

The turf on seaside courses in America is very green and lush and there are trees in profusion, whereas the turf here is tougher and less lush, making it less suitable for wooden-shod shoes. This, along with the comparative smallness of the greens, makes iron play of vital importance. There are no trees and the wind blows continuously, making it more like *Pearse Dunes* than *Seminole* or *Doral*.

Our trouble spots are different, too. The American four-inch rough corresponds to what we call *semmough*. This is about a five-yard-wide strip between the fairway and the proper rough, which can be anything up to a foot of very thick grass. The bunkers here are much steeper-faced and deeper, though less profuse.

One of our five courses, Muirfield, has held the British Open nine times and is holding it again this year, with practice rounds to be held over the two other, longer courses. It was here in 1959 that Gary Player won the first of his Grand Slam victories. It was here in 1948 that Henry Cotton won his last Open. And in 1929 Walter Hagen won the last of his.

I don't mean that every village in Scotland has five courses; for Gullane is something of a resort. But certainly there are many more golf courses in relation to people. The golf is much cheaper. And, as I expect some of the best American professionals will discover in July, it is by no means easy.

RICHARD A. GIBB

Gullane, Scotland

THE DISMISHERED

Sirs:

How about giving University of Cincinnati a feature article. We started out the season with two starters back (Don Relfes and Ron Knick), one who has had shoulders (Krack). The other starter who started most of the time was Roland West. Then Dean Foster and John Howard came from the freshman squad and Mike Rolf took Krack's job, and we were off.

You gave Bradley a plug and we beat them 85-69. You gave UCLA an article and we beat them 82-76. And if we win the MVC, we will face the Big Eight champ who will probably be Kansas. We would probably beat them too.

How about it?

JACK ROCKE'S

Age 11

Cincinnati

P.S. My father's name is also Jack so he told me to put my age because he does not want any part of this.

SIGNALS OVER

Sirs:

In answer to your question, "Where did Rocke get his inspiration for the box formation?" one of your readers says: "Klute Rocke's idea came from a chorus line" (1916 Hot, Jan. 31). Since the box formation was a momentarily static thing, he might have done better to answer that a chorus line inspired the rhythmic Notre Dame shift. That's the way it was in the Pat O'Brien story, but either answer is invalidated by chronological fact. The shift from T to box was already an integral part of Notre Dame's offensive pattern as early as 1916.

My authority? All I can say is that I was there, shifting, shifting, shifting, before any of us, including Assistant Football Coach Rocke, had been exposed to the inspirational dance routines of a Broadway musical.

D. C. (CHUCK) GRANT

South Bend, Ind.

COOKED DUCK

Sirs:

I certainly hope that Commander Auerley's "ruptured duck" suggestion for using a stripped-down jet plane to set a land-speed record (191st Hot, Jan. 17) was intended to be tongue in cheek. Without considering surplus jets, our best operational fighters cannot lower their landing gear at low altitudes even at half the present land speed of 600 mph. What is more, the wheels are much too small. Even with the suggested oversize wheels, beated-up landing gear

continued

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19TH HOLE *Continued*and "spats," the most high-powered duck
would still find things coming unstuck long
before its speed began to get respectable.

Although 600 mph on land may not sound so impressive in comparison with today's space-age air speeds, I think a little-known fact should be pointed out that gives some idea of the magnitude of the achievements of Craig Breedlove, the Arlons brothers and their homemade vehicles. This is that one of the primary obstacles to overcome in any high-speed run is the tremendous friction of the air. Because of the thinner air at high altitudes, one of our jets at, say, 30,000 feet would have to achieve a speed of approximately 1,010 mph before the wind pressure would be comparable to what Breedlove faced on the Bonneville Salt Flats. At 70,000 feet, the cruise altitude for the sleek supersonic transports of the future, the equivalent speed would be a phenomenal 2,250 mph, or about three and one-half times the speed of sound (they don't the capability of any aircraft at present being developed, X-15 excepted).

JOHN G. SCHNEIDER
1st Lieut., USAF

San Francisco

WARNED-UP SPROUTS

Sirs:

William McGinnis of Iowa's new Midwestern College writes (19th Hole, Jan. 24), "Come see us when we play Hiram Scott and judge for yourself which school should have been written up first." We think it is only fair to tell those not fortunate enough to attend that game that the score was Hiram Scott 115, Midwestern 71. Obviously, then, you were entirely correct in featuring the Scott coach, Fordy Anderson, in your story, *Thrilling Sports in a Cornfield* (Jan. 10).

WILLIAM A. WILSON
GATELY W. BARKLEY
LOGAN N. FIFKLES
HERBERT MILSON
ROBERT M. STERN
DANIEL J. SCHULTZ
ROBERT D. SMITH

Scottsbluff, Neb.

Sirs:

I'm sure the student from Midwestern College in Denison, Iowa, feels even more hurt now. At the half break Scott led Midwestern 63-10 and increased the lead to 44 points at the final buzzer to win 115-71. This victory boosted Scott's record to 7-1 and left it with an average of 110-plus points per game. Your readers will surely have to agree now that Fordy Anderson is at least the second-best basketball coach in the Midwest, second only to Nebraska Coach Joe Cipriano, of course.

CHUCK GREEN

Lincoln, Neb.

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